STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN LIVING

PIONEERS OF THE KINGDOM

STANLEY HIGH

E. V. Lucas

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STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN LIVING

HENRY H. MEYER, Editor
WADE CRAWFORD BARCLAY, Associate Editor

PIONEERS OF THE KINGDOM

An Elective Course for Young People

By

STANLEY HIGH

Approved by the Committee on Curriculum
of the Board of Education of the
Methodist Episcopal Church

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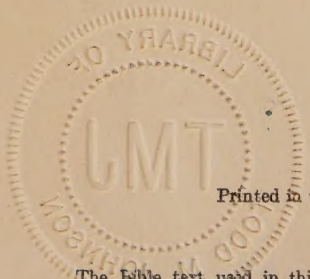

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EDITORS' INTRODUCTION

THE kingdom of God is a kingdom of ideas and ideals but not as such; ideas and ideals incarnate in living men—men who have caught up in themselves those principles and ideals that found their supreme expression in Jesus Christ and caused them again to live and breathe, dare and do, aspire and create, destroy and rebuild. Such men ever are pioneers—inevitably so because the kingdom of God is still a kingdom in the making.

The conviction of the author of PIONEERS OF THE KINGDOM is that every man and woman who in some new and vital way incorporates in character or deed some ideal proclaimed by Jesus the Christ is in a very real sense a pioneer of the coming kingdom. The men and women whose characters and achievements are so vividly set forth in this series of studies are not held to be perfect human beings, flawless characters. Doubtless no one of them would claim fully to represent in character or deed the Christian ideal. Certainly, the author makes no such claim for them. But each is believed to have made a contribution toward the interpretation for our day of the meaning for human life and conduct of those eternal principles set forth in an earlier age and a far different civilization in the life and teachings of Jesus.

Life ever is inspired by life. The true apostolic succession is a procession through the ages of men and women whose souls have been kindled by the fire that they have found burning in the hearts of the men and women of the older generation. It is the hope of author and editors that the men and women whose love and sacrificial service for others are portrayed in these pages may inspire many young people of the newer generation to follow in their trail.

THE EDITORS.

JAMES W. BASHFORD

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. (Matt. 28. 19, 20.)

Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or lands, for my sake, and for the gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life. (Mark 10. 29, 30.)

Of the Jews five times received I forty *stripes* save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; *in* journeyings often, *in* perils of rivers, *in* perils of robbers, *in* perils from *my* countrymen, *in* perils from the Gentiles, *in* perils in the city, *in* perils in the wilderness, *in* perils in the sea, *in* perils among false brethren; *in* labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, there is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches. (2 Cor. 11. 24-28.)

I

IN THE PATH OF PAUL

How is a young man "called to preach"?
What concern should a preacher have for political and social issues?
What are some of the issues of to-day on which preachers need to be outspoken?
Does an individual accept religion with his heart, or his mind, or both?
What should a young man do if he should find that he cannot accept some of the creedal statements of his church?
In the present world situation, what are the marks of a Christian statesman?
Was James W. Bashford a Christian statesman? Why or why not?
Do you think Bashford decided rightly when as a young man he determined to preach rather than to enter politics?
What qualities of Bashford, as a preacher, are demanded to-day of men who enter the ministry?

One thing was fairly certain. He wouldn't preach. After all, why should he? There were so many big jobs to be done. The country had just come through a disastrous war. There was a sad lack of wise leadership. He had the consciousness of a leader. An empire was opening in the Northwest, and into it, from across the Mississippi, there rolled a high tide of pioneers. This New America, on the threshold of a greater nationhood, needed men, and it called to him. Why should he preach?

It was during his freshman year at the University of Wisconsin that the matter, finally, was settled. In April he returned to his small-town home taking with him, doubtless, some of the psychological luggage of confidence and sophistication that encumber most freshmen. Revival meetings were in progress, revival meetings of the now old-fashioned type. The atmosphere about them was not particularly academic, but it was religious. And young James W. Bashford had a second thought on this matter of the Christian ministry.

It was his mother, I suppose, who helped to make his conviction decisive.

"There are two persons," she said, on the eve of his departure for college, "you can never run away from. You can never run away from yourself; you can never run away from God."

And some way or other the young freshman had a simple enough faith and a keen enough mind to believe that that was true. Back on the campus he fell in with a crowd of genuinely courageous undergraduates. Their courage, doubtless, was not apparent to the average outsider. In a hopeless minority they were not out to start a campus-wide campaign of any sort nor to lay plans for the revolutionizing of society. They were simply undergraduates who had accepted the leadership of Jesus and meant business. The odds were heavy against them. But they went quietly about the hard job of practicing, on their college campus and in terms of their day-by-day relationships, the ideals that they professed. There were all sorts of laboratories at Madison. These young men made one of their own: a laboratory for the perfection of experiments in Jesus' way of living.

Bashford watched them carry on, in the face of all manner of opposition and ridicule. His family had been frontiersmen, and his pioneer blood was stirred. Here was a conquest, going on under his eyes, more thrilling because harder and infinitely more worth while than geographical or political conquest.

"The conviction," he wrote, "that I had already been a coward to duty in spending two terms at the State University in a selfish struggle for personal advancement and in dreaming of political preferment in the future, without helping the little band of Christian students in their struggle for higher ideals, grew upon me, and already I began to realize the moral degradation of a life of selfishness."

He threw in his lot with these young Christians.

For nearly fifty years, up and down two continents, he pioneered for Christ.

It was in the fall of 1874 that he entered the School of Theology of Boston University. He took high rank in

his work there. Following his graduation he continued in New England, and his pastorates were so successful that he was accepted into the membership of the New England Conference. Later he served churches as pastor in Portland, Maine; Buffalo, and New York. From the latter city he was chosen, in 1889, to the presidency of Ohio Wesleyan University, an offer which he at first declined on the ground that his first obligation was to the ministry. A repetition of the offer several months later was accepted. He was president of Ohio Wesleyan from the fall of 1889 until 1904, when he was elected to the episcopacy. From his election until his death in May, 1919, Bishop Bashford's chosen field of service was in China.

Young Bashford found an unlimited field for his courage and intellectual genius at the job of the Christian minister. When he graduated at Wisconsin and went on to the Boston University School of Theology, his mind was questioning, inquiring, and on certain subjects almost skeptical. He set out to find the truth. In Boston he found men who were both scholarly and spiritual. He determined to win intellectual respectability for his faith. That undertaking was no easier then than now.

The atmosphere of Boston, however, was sympathetic to such a quest. During his first year at the School of Theology, Bashford attended a Unitarian church. The young divinity student, intellectually, found satisfaction in the homiletic logic of Unitarianism. He was prepared to join with the Unitarians rather than to sacrifice his intellectual honesty.

Then, one day, he confronted the fact that religion is not all intellectual satisfaction. He declares that he was "saved from Unitarianism" by the following circumstance: "I was surprised to find that the Unitarian Church founded and supported a mission in Boston conducted by 'Father Taylor,' and that the Unitarians always employed a Methodist for this work, because Unitarianism, according to their statement, 'was not suited to that kind of work, that while it could minister to the intellectual and to the higher classes, it had no power in saving such people as came to the Seamen's Bethel.'"

Bashford was still the spiritual experimenter, interested

in the laboratory testing of his faith. Religion demanded, for him, a demonstration in terms, not alone of intellectual satisfaction, but much more of its ability to transform people. "Theological truth," he declared, "like all other truth, must bear the scientific test of experiment, and if Unitarianism is powerless to save sinners, then it is not God's own religion."

From that day forth, though the quest of his mind never ended, he was willing to live in a world where everything is not capable of immediate explanation and to devote himself to a gospel about which he knew one thing: its power to remake individual men and women.

His courage, however, got him into some difficulties. He refused to have his mind or his heart cramped by creedal limitations which men had devised. He believed that God welcomed honest inquiry and that every younger generation has a divine responsibility to add to the religious revelations of the past in order to enrich the spiritual life of the present.

These things he dared to say from his pulpit, and immediately the defenders of a static faith were upon him. Charges were preferred and, to the consternation of the heresy hunters, Bashford declared: "I am in the ministry in obedience to my convictions; I certainly should not sacrifice them to remain in the Methodist Church or in any other church."

The officials of the Conference asked the young clergyman to set forth his views. He did, asserting that "I am a liberal and progressive Methodist. I did not dream that the church was infallible in doctrine or perfect in life when I entered it. I am sure that my preaching as a whole presents a more positive, vigorous, and self-denying gospel than is generally practiced or even preached in the Methodist Church. . . . The earnestness of my church and the number converted under my ministry are some proof that I have not been preaching a loose gospel. Of course the church can sever my relationship whenever it thinks best. If I am allowed to remain in the church, I am determined while I am in the ministry to be true to my convictions."

The charges were dismissed.

If he refused to sacrifice his intellectual honesty he, likewise, refused to limit his Christian sympathies to those of his own denomination. He was not a Methodist for the sake of a greater Methodism, but for the sake of a greater Christianity. His church was not the end, it was the means to an end. When, as a bishop, he went to China, the weight of his influence was quickly thrown in the scales against the disastrous church divisions that confused the Chinese and hampered the missionary advance. It was a genuine adventure when, in 1911, he called together in Peking the representatives of various churches to consider the project of a union university. There is little argument, now, about the importance of this educational union. But Bashford saw the program through its pioneer stage. He sponsored the enterprise when it was unpopular. He stood the assaults of denominational jingoes who appeared to be less interested in the kingdom of God than in the statistical advance of their own church. The great interdenominational schools of China stand to-day as a testimony to the reality of his vision.

But through his entire life, as student, preacher, college president and bishop, Bashford never quite got away from the fact that his mind and his intuitive statesmanship were endowments that would have brought him into political power. For these abilities he found abundant need in the wider relationships of the church. The gospel that he preached was not one of other-worldly complacency. He lived very much in the Here and Now and his God was concerned with the present.

In Portland, Maine, Bashford's religious convictions on the problems of his own community brought him into clash with the city officials. Maine, in theory at any rate, was under prohibition. But Portland officials were playing hand in glove with the liquor interests. Bashford's religious convictions drove him into a fight against this business. He appealed to the mayor and the city officials. But he was told, as other preachers have been told, that his job was to preach the "inexhaustible riches of God" and forget about municipal problems. Bashford had another sort of faith and, with that, the courage that has always characterized pioneers.

He enlisted the support of other ministers and began his drive. The other ministers suffered an attack of cold feet and deserted him. Bashford carried on alone. His own official board "advised" him of the "unwisdom" of his course. He resigned, but his resignation was not accepted. Twice his house was set on fire and his life threatened. But he carried on and, in the end, his crusade routed the wets, cleaned up the city, and elected a decent ticket.

On the heels of this victory came a nomination for governor of Maine on the Prohibition ticket. This was declined. He was then nominated for Congress on a joint ticket of Prohibition, Labor, and Democratic groups. He considered the nomination but concluded that his job was to continue at the less glamorous but more fundamental work of the Christian ministry.

Years later, when elected to the Episcopacy, it was Bashford—the Christian statesman—who asked to be sent to China. He had little competition for that post. He went because, in his grasp of the present world situation, he realized that the future peace of mankind would depend, in no small degree, upon the course of China's future. In China his understanding made him, without question, one of the foremost Westerners in the nation, and from the Chinese point of view, perhaps, the foremost. Returning to the United States, Bashford's counsel was sought, not alone in church circles, but by the three Presidents and their secretaries of state in Washington, by publicists and business men. It is due, in no small measure, to the pioneering of Bishop Bashford that China, particularly in the minds of Christian people in the United States, looms so large to-day. His volume, *China—An Interpretation,* is destined to stand as one of the classic contributions of Western literature toward the understanding of the Chinese people.

The task in China that Bashford chose was not an easy one. To anyone who has gone down the ancient highways of that land, who has traveled by river boat and slept in Chinese inns and eaten under the scrutiny of a throng of Chinese coolies, it is possible to understand the price he paid in the service.

There is a record of the first Christian missionary that

reads like this: "Of the Jews five times received I forty *stripes* save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; *in* journeyings often, *in* perils of rivers, *in* perils of robbers, *in* perils from *my* countrymen, *in* perils from the Gentiles, *in* perils in the city, *in* perils in the wilderness, *in* perils in the sea, *in* perils among false brethren; *in* labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Bishop Bashford, after his first six weeks of travel in China, recorded in his notebook: "Fearful sense of depression and home-sickness, face and lips swollen by sunburn and mosquito bites, crowds pressing upon us every day, and so close that the smell seasons our food, ears wearied with the babel of jargon, nauseated with noisome smells, eyes weary with the sight of men and women doing the work of animals and machines, with the hours' sight of coffins and the continual sight of graves, and over all the dark pall of superstition and hopelessness."

But of the bigness of the task which he represented, even in those hours of discouragement, there was no doubt: "But Christ," he wrote, "has the remedy for China's ignorance and superstition and impotence and sin. I seem almost never to have known before the meaning of the word gospel—'good news.'"

It was this sympathy for China and this confidence that, with Christ, four hundred million people could be recreated that held James W. Bashford to his distant post. When his first four years of service were ended, church leaders were insistent that he accept a field of work in the United States. But the lure of his Asiatic frontier was upon him and the burden of a great people struggling into nationhood and needing the power which Jesus knew. To those who said, "You will bury yourself in China," he replied, "But I believe in the resurrection."

He returned to China. Thirty thousand miles he journeyed, every year: by mule car, junk, on foot, and by sedan chair, from Shanghai north and south; up the Yangtze River through the treacherous gorges and off toward the borders of Tibet. His feet trod out the line of Christianity's advance; his heart reflected a sympathy and

understanding which destroyed racial animosities and laid the basis for a cooperative solution of the threatening "clash of color."

In introducing him to a New York audience the chairman of the meeting referred to Bishop Bashford's devotion to China and the Chinese.

"We have been looking for a queue on him, but have not found it," the chairman said.

A Chinese in the audience jumped to his feet: "You've been looking in the wrong place. You will find a queue on his heart."

James W. Bashford chose to be a Christian preacher. Continuing always a Christian preacher, he became one of the builders of that international and inter-racial Republic of Righteousness, the structure of which this generation is called upon to carry forward toward completion.

JANE ADDAMS

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, *even* these least, ye did it unto me. (Matt. 25. 34-36, 40 l. c.)

And the common people heard him gladly. (Mark 12. 37.)

II

GOD'S CORNER IN THE SLUMS

What evidences have you seen of poverty in your community?

What is your church doing to relieve distress among the poor?

How does your Sunday school welcome those who are less fortunate than you?

How can Christian people do more than give of their wealth for those who are in poverty?

How do you account for the fact that Jesus seems to have associated, most intimately, with those who were poor?

What are some of the advantages that children of a poor family may possess which those in a family of wealth do not have?

What are some of the perils of poverty?

What are some of the perils of riches?

Why do not more young women follow the example of Jane Addams and dedicate their lives to the welfare of the poor?

Do you consider Jane Addams a Christian missionary? Why or why not?

It was a London Saturday night. Down in the East End where the poor of London live the streets were jammed. Sidewalk stands, that traded in everything from shoestrings to livestock, were doing an eleventh-hour rush business. Hucksters, whose voices carried far across the city, shouted desperately the merits of their wares. The people, most of whom were too poor to buy, jostled and elbowed and looked longingly at the foodstands.

A London bus, tourist laden, pushed its way down the street. On top of the bus rode several American girls, looking down upon this poverty. One of them, in particular, could not take her eyes from the undernourished, work-worn crowd that filled the place. On the corner a traffic jam blocked the bus. And while it was being cleared a little tragedy was acted out before the eyes of this young American woman.

A cabbage huckster's stand held the corner. The cabbages that remained on it were old and, by Monday,

would have rotted. So the huckster held an auction. And the people clamored around his stand, their hands upheld, bidding their pennies for old cabbages. One man grabbed his prize, walked nervously to the curb, sat down and began to devour it, raw and unwashed. The bidding began again, with the hands outstretched for cabbages.

And the American girl, riding atop the bus, who saw this little tragedy of the poor could not forget it. "The final impression," she wrote of that night, "was not of ragged, tawdry clothing nor of pinched and sallow faces, but of myriads of hands, empty, pathetic, nerveless and workworn, showing white in the uncertain light of the street, and clutching forward for food which was already unfit to eat."

That street corner crowd of poor was something of a religious experience for Jane Addams. Certainly it was one of the first of the circumstances that led to the founding of Hull House, which stands to-day as a pioneer institution of social helpfulness to those who are in poverty.

Of course the casual traveler would have been "interested" in that huckster's stand. But Jane Addams was not the casual traveler. She saw things with her mind and heart. And her mind and heart could not witness social injustice and human suffering without making some active response. This sympathy for folks, I suppose, is something with which the individual is born. It springs out of a fundamental unselfishness and is not easily acquired.

When Jane Addams was seven years old she went with her father, who has always remained her great ideal, to the city mill. The mill was located in the poorest section of the city, a quarter where little Jane had never gone before. For the first time, on that day, she saw the squalor of the poor. And immediately she asked her father why people lived in "such horrid little houses so close together." And upon receiving his explanation she declared that, when she grew up, she would have a large house "but it would not be built among the other large houses, but right in the midst of horrid little houses like these."

I think that this determination must have persisted with Jane Addams through her childhood and into college

days. At seventeen she entered Rockford College, Illinois, and the fine type of religious life at this "Mount Holyoke of the West" made a deep impression upon her. Every Sunday morning she went to the room of her teacher and read for an hour from the Greek Testament, not merely chapters, but often an entire Gospel. And the record of the life that those Gospels set forth appealed to her. Particularly she liked those passages which revealed Jesus' fellowship toward those who were in need.

"And Jesus went about all the cities and the villages, . . . healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness. But when he saw the multitude, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd."

By the time she had concluded her college course, Miss Addams had mapped out her future. She would be a missionary—not a foreign missionary, but a home missionary, to the poor of some American city. In preparation for that ministry she determined to study medicine, that her healing skill might be at the disposal of those who most needed it. But after a year in medical school her health prevented further work and she was obliged to give up that part of her plan. The determination to do something for and with the poor persisted, however, and during the two years spent abroad, when the Saturday night experience in London came to her, as it did again and again, she was able to gather information of the greatest value for such a program.

But there were all sorts of obstacles in Jane Addams' path. She came from a prominent, well-to-do family. There was no conceivable reason why so cultured a young lady should "throw herself away" in a project of this kind. And Miss Addams, herself, was not altogether certain just what she wanted to do. For four or five years she continued her study and travel and then, finally, she came to Toynbee Hall in the Whitechapel district, the most miserable section of London. Here, in Toynbee Hall, lived a remarkable group of young men of high position and fine education who believed enough in the people of that unhappy section of the city to make a home in their midst. They were a part of the community, giving to it

the best that their culture and training could bring, and learning many lessons from the less fortunate folks with whom they worked.

And at Toynbee Hall Miss Addams had a vision of another city—a great city of the United States on the shores of Lake Michigan. She knew something of its squalid streets and misery-ridden tenements. Chicago sorely needed a center of kindliness to light the unhappiness of these districts. So Miss Addams and her friend Ellen Gates Starr returned from London to Chicago to begin their work.

First, to get a suitable house. Up and down through the back streets of Chicago's industrial districts Miss Addams and Miss Starr searched. They enlisted the help of city missionaries, newspaper reporters, city officials. And they kept on tramping among the tenements. Finally, one Sunday afternoon they made a discovery: a commodious, well-built old mansion, plumped down in the center of one of the neediest parts of the city. And this house, after some difficulty, they secured.

There followed many weeks of preparation. The old place was gone over from cellar to garret. Soap, and more soap, and paint were liberally applied. This was to be "home" for Miss Addams and Miss Starr, so they brought into the old house all of their own furniture and the prints and bric-a-brac which they had gathered in Europe. The place was made comfortable—a genuine home in the midst of so much distress.

The people of the district looked on all of these preparations with wonder and a considerable amount of suspicion. What in the world could anyone want with that old house? And when it was rumored about that this house was to be a home for the entire community, the people were inclined to smile and ask what sort of a scheme was under way.

It was difficult to win the confidence of the people. They had been mistreated so frequently in their contact with society and their suspicions of "cultured" people were so deep-seated that the beginning at Hull House was slow. In the community, moreover, there were representatives of some thirty-six different nationalities. The streets were a

Babel of different languages. To serve the interests of such a community was an almost impossible task.

Miss Addams saw very clearly that her only hope with these folks among whom she had come to live was to be found in the extent of her own helpfulness to them in the problems, big and small, that they confronted. There were many young mothers in the vicinity of Hull House, mothers that worked during the day and left their children to the uncertain care of other children or of their neighbors. Others took their babies with them to the factories where they were in constant danger from the machinery.

As she tramped around through the district, Miss Addams saw this situation and, as one of her first Hull House projects, started a day nursery for the children of working women. For five cents each, the children were cared for and fed during the day. In one room a kindergarten was fitted up with sand piles and the latest equipment. In a corner of the yard a children's garden was fenced off; there was a bigger sand pile and dolls for the older girls and pictures and scissors for the fashioning of all sorts of things. The mothers of the district, still wondering somewhat at this strange place, began to bring their children. And so well were they cared for and so happy at the end of every day that the fame of the place began to spread through the streets of the district into dark tenements and out on the flat roofs where overworked women gossiped across their clotheslines.

Other projects quickly followed that of the day nursery. Miss Addams was tireless. She was always about some task of helpfulness. The child of an immigrant woman was suddenly stricken ill. Her husband was away at work. The mother was desperate. She remembered Hull House, wrapped the baby quickly and brought it to Miss Addams. The child was cared for and recovered. A bride of a few days lost her wedding ring, and her husband, a foreigner, abused her until she was forced to leave home. She had no place to seek refuge save in Hull House, and she found comfort and counsel there. Even the men, speaking English with all manner of accents, began to have confidence in the folks who lived at the big house and who had come to help. They shuffled in, self-conscious and

uncertain, to ask help of Miss Addams or Miss Starr on problems that ran the gauntlet all the way from mortgages to undertaker's bills.

Hull House and Jane Addams had become a part of the life of the community and suspicion began to disappear. Perhaps the people could not understand the motive that brought this woman of wealth into their midst. But one thing they knew, and that was enough, that they could rely on her help in time of need.

Then new phases of the work began. Hull house was not established, merely, to give aid. It was founded to represent a way of life, to point the road over which these poor people might journey into more abundant living. So reading clubs were established. A few working girls came at night and together Miss Addams and Miss Starr read, with them, Romola. The news of the reading circle spread quickly. There were demands for more books. Miss Addams, thereupon, went to the public library and persuaded the officials to locate a branch library in the district. It was another innovation: a library in the heart of a tenement district. But the place was popular from the start.

The next step was to organize classes in sewing and cooking. Mothers were invited in once or twice each week and taught—and this required a great deal of tact—how to feed their children healthful foods instead of the frequent diet of bread dipped in wine; how to treat simple disease; and the rudimentary rules of cleanliness. And to prove that they knew what they were talking about on domestic matters a model coffee shop was established, where good food, rightly cooked, was served at a nominal charge.

Perhaps the greatest of all the undertakings of Hull House, however, related to the development of a community spirit. Most of the representatives of the thirty-six nationalities who lived in the vicinity had brought with them to the United States the old prejudices—national, racial, and religious—that thrive in the countries from which they had come. There were castes among the tenement dwellers, racial feuds, and a great deal of social animosity.

Miss Addams believed that this distrust and hatred could be overcome. She proved that it could be overcome. When, one winter, the price of coal soared beyond the reach of the poor, she called together, in Hull House, a representative group of people from the district and proposed a cooperative society for buying and selling coal. These people not only reduced the cost of coal, they became friends in their common undertaking. A strike among the garment workers hit the working girls of the community. They were hard pressed and had no resources upon which to call. Miss Addams, seeing their situation, called them into Hull House and proposed that a society be organized for their protection. In case of sickness or strike affecting a member of the group, the remaining members of the organization banded together for the help of those who were in need. As a start Miss Addams provided a room for them in which they organized a boarding club.

Then the big reception room in Hull House was thrown open to the community. There was no charge. Reading clubs and sewing circles made generous use of it, and the community began to get acquainted. There were soon a few current-events clubs among the men. They even gathered there to discuss the problems of their unions, working conditions, and proposals for cleaning up their district. For entertainment, the representatives of various nationalities staged their native plays. In short, Hull House came to stand for community friendship and a real spirit of fellowship went out from it into the entire district.

There were always those who scoffed at Jane Addams and her work. Some of them still scoff. She refused to sell out to any interests, high or low. Her opinions, when asked for, were stated with an absolute frankness that was apt to be startling. At one meeting of radicals where she spoke a voice from the audience called out:

"You are all right now, but when you are subsidized by millionaires you will be afraid to talk like this."

And Miss Addams brought down the house when she shot back at him:

"I do not intend to be subsidized by millionaires, nor to

be bullied by workingmen, and I shall state my honest opinion without consulting either."

Hull House, after twenty-five years, has become the model for similar settlements across the United States and in Europe. Every American city has its settlement to-day, and for these institutions the work of Jane Addams in Chicago blazed the trail. And more effectively than ever the enterprise that she began because she desired to live among the people who were poor and work with them is going forward.

Miss Addams has been called to many great services. Her voice to-day is one of the most authoritative on behalf of world peace. She has demonstrated, in her Chicago laboratory, that people can live together with sympathy and understanding. The old message of her Greek New Testament has been given practical application. And despite many people who still do not understand and many others who are clearly frightened at the prospect of a working Christianity, Miss Addams carries on, believing that when Jesus' ministry of human helpfulness is incarnate in the world, the strife that afflicts mankind will disappear.

JOHN JOSEPH EAGAN

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Mic. 6. 8.)

All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets. (Matt. 7. 12.)

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord. (Matt. 25. 21.)

III

CAST-IRON PIPE AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD

What did Jesus mean by the statement, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven"?

Where would we be most likely to find Jesus, if he came to one of our industrial communities: in the company of the owners or of the laborers?

What progress has been made toward the establishment of the Golden Rule in industry?

Are many of the laborers in the industrial plants of our great cities opposed to the church? Why?

Why do not more business men adopt the principles upon which Mr. Eagan conducted his business?

If you were a factory owner what steps would you take to put the teachings of Jesus into operation in your plant?

Do you know of anything definite that your church is doing to help solve the problem of capital and labor?

What can the church do to influence men of wealth to follow out the program of the Golden Rule which Mr. Eagan sought to apply?

How can a rich man best serve God?

It was a holiday at Acipco. A sudden order posted on the official bulletin boards had turned loose for the day the fifteen hundred employees of the American Cast Iron Pipe Company. The men didn't exactly know what it was all about. There had been talk of business depression. Perhaps this was the beginning. At any rate the big steel plant was idle.

A second look, however, and one could see that this was a festive occasion. The flags were up over the mill and above the offices. There was a celebration spirit abroad—like the first five minutes after four o'clock in front of a village school. The executives were off for golf. An iron pourer, his sleeves rolled up, his wife beside him and four youngsters piled in the back seat, rattled by in a Ford—bound for a picnic. This, clearly enough, was neither a strike nor a forced shut-down.

Some twelve thousand miles distant another celebration

was in progress. Dark-faced Hindus—their heads wound with white turbans—thronged jubilantly through the bazaars. In countless squares impromptu mass meetings assembled, listened to impassioned orations, shouted strange cries of approval and marched off, in long, singing lines of men and women.

From that celebration—under the glaring sun of India—to the plant of the American Cast Iron Company in central Alabama is a long distance in more than one way. But the two holidays were related, none the less.

In India a great and Christlike man, long imprisoned, had been released. And from Colombo, off the southern coast, to Kashmir, in the shadows of the Himalayas, there was thanksgiving. At Acipco, in central Alabama, another great and Christlike man with a business in steel and an interest in men—in all men—declared a holiday to join with India in that thanksgiving. For Mahatma Gandhi and John Joseph Eagan held one great faith in common—that for all people and in all life the world stood in greatest need of the application of the ideals of Jesus. And both, in fields that were worlds apart, had the courage to make that experiment.

Such an experiment is always hard. It was for John Joseph Eagan. Most young men, with so hard a problem, would have chosen differently than he chose. They would have side-stepped. But some way or other Eagan was not of the side-stepping sort. He knew the Gospels. He took them in dead earnestness. And because he carried through with a difficult and Christian job, one can find, to-day, his monument in central Alabama—a great steel plant that is fit to stand within the walls of the kingdom of God.

While still a boy Mr. Eagan was obliged to choose the road that he would travel. He was born in Georgia in 1870, and when only a few months old his father died. When his public-school days were ended he followed the logical course and went into business with his uncle. As a young man, not yet thirty, he suddenly inherited the large fortune of this uncle, and was left to decide, for himself, how he would use that wealth.

All the most apparent arguments seemed to urge him

to use it for himself. There was ample precedent for such a course. In the city where he lived there were many wealthy young men. Their chief concerns were either to add to their fortune as rapidly as possible, or to spend it, at an even greater pace, upon themselves. No one, apparently, thought of wealth as a trust fund to be administered on behalf of others. And Eagan, when he talked about it, as he rarely did, was only smiled at and regarded "a little queer."

But there was one experience of his boyhood that he could not quite get away from, and it held him steady along the harder road in these days of his decision. A great preacher had come to his hometown and was entertained in the Eagan home. He took an interest in young John. They had long talks together about the world and life and the Master of life that this great preacher followed. They frequently read from the New Testament, particularly a certain passage: "Whosoever would become great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all." And again, "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them."

The preacher and his Master and the words that were read together remained in the heart of John Eagan. When the time of testing came to the young business man he turned again to his New Testament and to the Gospel of Matthew. Yes, the words were still there, and others almost as compelling. So he made his pledge: that he would use his wealth, not as a self-seeker but as a steward; that the test of his business transactions would be not "Will it pay?" but "Is it right?" that the goal of his life would be attained when he had demonstrated that the Jesus program will work in modern industry.

Twenty-five years later John Joseph Eagan died. From his house through Hickory Nut Gap he watched the last sunrise reflected in the haze above Mystery Mountain . . . and went out to give his accounting.

In that quarter of a century he had gone a long journey toward the goal he set. Throughout the South and in many Northern cities there were unnumbered men and women who could give testimony to his stewardship. By

sacrifices of himself and of his resources he had given proof of the three great passions of his life: industrial justice, racial understanding, and world peace. Wherever a truly big task needed to be done on behalf of these world enterprises, Mr. Eagan could be relied upon. The roster of his activities included membership—active membership—in a great many of the greatest of America's Christian agencies. To them he gave the same statesmanlike counsel that he devoted to business.

And, strikingly enough, his Christian devotion began at home. For thirty years, week after week, he was superintendent of the Sunday school in his church. He lived in the world of high finance. Fortunes depended upon the wisdom of his judgments. Thousands of men were in his employ. But he was never too busy, or too dignified, or too weighted down with importance, for the tasks of his own church.

Out at the steel plant at Acipco, however, is the real place to study the job that John Joseph Eagan carried through. Acipco was his laboratory and the fifteen hundred men who work there, from the humblest Negro laborer to the executives, were his associates in the experiment.

Mr. Eagan had helped to found the American Cast Iron Pipe Company. But his relation, in the beginning, was rather that of a financier than an operator. He supplied the capital, but did not assume the major executive responsibility. Later, however, new conditions arose and he was asked to assume the presidency of the company. He debated the question for some time. His interest in many Christian organizations demanded much of his time, and he was inclined to refuse this administrative position in order to devote himself more exclusively to the work of these agencies. But many of these Christian leaders who would have profited most directly by his refusal of the presidency of the company, insisted that he accept the task and make it an opportunity for demonstrating, on a more intensive scale than could otherwise be done, that Christian principles without possibility of question could be made operative in a great industry.

He finally accepted the presidency of the company, with this condition: "I will accept the position, provided I am

allowed to conduct the business according to the principles of Jesus Christ."

At the outset he pointed out that "better cast-iron pipe is one of our jobs at Acipco, but it is only secondary to the job of producing better men." This interest in his men was always foremost. The employees of Acipco tell of his visits in the plant, and his concern, not so much for what they were doing, as for themselves. It is said that he visited in the homes of almost every one of his employees, particularly those who were of the poorer classes. With Mrs. Eagan he tramped, day after day, through the back streets of Birmingham calling at the humble homes of his Negro workmen. He wanted to know how the men and their families lived, and to make their lives happier.

There is nothing easy about the business of making steel. The hastiest glimpse inside one of the great steel mills reveals that it is a man's job from start to finish. Most trying of all is the terrible heat that the workmen are obliged to endure. The spectacle of these men obliged to face the superheated furnaces, hour after hour, to handle the molten metal, haunted Mr. Eagan. He shared their discomfort and hardship. One day he went to his superintendent:

"I believe cast-iron pipe can be made with less heat," he said.

"Perhaps," said the superintendent, "but no one has yet discovered the process."

"I think we will try," Mr. Eagan said. "These men must be given more comfortable working conditions."

So they set about it. A fortune was spent in experimenting. Plans were tried out and failed and new plans attempted, all that "the men may be made more comfortable." And, finally, much to his satisfaction, a process was discovered.

"We will patent this process," said Mr. Eagan, "but we will not exploit it. It is at the disposal of every other concern that desires to use it."

The new process was successfully installed, and then one day, at the plant, Mr. Eagan found that to use the new process economically would require that it be kept in operation both night and day.

"I don't like that," he said. "At night the men ought to be at home with their families."

Consequently, for the men who were obliged to work at night special conditions were laid down. They receive ten per cent extra pay. The plant runs six days and five nights, which gives the night men from the Friday shift to the Monday shift for holiday. The plant, of course, is closed on Sunday. As a result of all this, the most desirable shifts are now the night shifts.

Then, Mr. Eagan turned his attention to the health and physical well-being of his employees. On the permanent staff there are three full-time physicians and four consulting specialists, a full-time dentist, two visiting nurses, and two full-time nurses. All of the medical service is provided free to the employees. At Acipco there is a general Y. M. C. A. secretary, a boy's work secretary, an office secretary and a physical director. There are three colored Y. M. C. A. secretaries on the payroll of the company.

But with all this Mr. Eagan was not satisfied.

"I have a responsibility," he said, "to share the profits of this business with those who actually make the product of the company."

During his lifetime, therefore, he turned over his own profits and the surplus profits of the company, after a dividend of six per cent had been paid to the preferred stockholders, to the employees of the company.

"We have two big obligations, so far as this plant is concerned," he said. "The first of these is to provide cast-iron pipe to the public at the lowest possible cost. The second is to pay the best possible living wage to the men here who make that pipe."

Before his death Mr. Eagan had carried forward his experiment at Acipco and his plans were laid to turn over the entire industry to the men in it, with the fundamental condition that it be operated in accordance with the ideals of Jesus. When he died, in 1924, his will carried out that plan. In one of the most startling declarations in the history of modern industry, Mr. Eagan bequeathed to the employees all of the common stock of the company to be held in trust forever by two boards: (1) a board of

management, composed of five men, the president and the heads of the four divisions of the company, sales, manufacturing, finance, purchasing and personnel; and (2) a board of operatives, composed of ten men selected by the employees from their own ranks by secret ballot.

These two boards, meeting as trustees, elect a board of directors annually, and the board of directors elects officers who run the business as would the officers of any other concern. Each one of these boards has a single vote and a majority of each of the groups determine the vote of that group. If the two groups disagree, then the existing board of directors casts the deciding vote.

Thus Mr. Eagan gave proof of his faith in the experiment he had undertaken. "It is my will and desire," his will concludes, "that said trustees in the control of said company, through the control of said common stock, shall be guided by the sole purpose of so managing said company as to enable said American Cast Iron Pipe Company to deliver the company's products to persons requiring it, at actual cost, which shall be considered the lowest possible price consistent with the maintenance and extension of company's plant or plants and business and the payment of reasonable salaries and wages to all of the employees of said company, my object being to insure 'service' both to the purchasing public and to labor on the basis of the Golden Rule given by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The plan has worked. To-day the men who run Acipco have risen from the ranks of the organization itself. They, as fully as Mr. Eagan, are committed to the Christian program for which he stood. The business has prospered. Labor disputes are simply not a problem at Acipco. Three workmen, sent as special investigators from a Northern plant, after three weeks in Acipco said to the president:

"This is a funny place. Up where we work, day and night, there is a continual round of profanity and abuse. The men, many of them, are discontented. They cuss out the bosses and, like as not, the bosses cuss back. Here we've been in the plant for three weeks. We've not heard any 'cussing' or complaints and, strangest of all, the men seem happy and contented."

"That's our first business," said the president, "to so

run this plant that men and women, more and more of them, will be happy and contented."

The test of this experiment to John Joseph Eagan and to those who are carrying on his work is not found in its cash returns so much as in its human assets. Mr. Eagan, explaining his plan, once said:

"Men have asked: 'Is your plan practical?' That is not the question. The question is, 'Is it right?' Some men say, 'If you are sure that the adoption of the principles of Jesus Christ in my business will make it successful, I will go all the way.' There has not been a business man since the beginning of time who would not be glad to do that. If we cannot put Jesus Christ in business, we ought to get out of business and get somewhere where we can go with Jesus Christ."

John Joseph Eagan was a business man and a full-time Christian servant. He believed that modern industry needs leaders who will put Jesus first. He proved that such a program works.

ISABELLA THOBURN

Whom will he teach knowledge? and whom will he make to understand the message? . . . For it is precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little. (Isa. 28. 9, 10.)

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. (Matt. 28. 19, 20.)

IV

"SHE CROSSED THE WORLD'S FRONTIERS"

How is it important for us, as Christians, that the world is getting smaller?

What is the place of women in the activities of the Christian Church?

What is the place of the school in the program of religion?

On what basis can members of different races associate together in school?

Which are more dangerous to cross, "geographical frontiers" or "frontiers of ideas"?

What was the secret of the courage and strength that enabled Isabella Thoburn to cross frontiers never before passed by women?

What are some frontiers that still need crossing? How may Christian young women be impelled to cross these frontiers?

What compensations came to Isabella Thoburn during her lifetime in return for the sacrifices she made for India?

THIS morning's paper contained a story of two men and a conversation. The men were not particularly important. Neither were the things they said. But the conversation, none the less, is destined to be historic. For one of the men was at his home in a suburb of New York City while the other talked from his hotel room in London. And so plainly did they hear each other that they might have been in adjoining houses instead of separated by thirty-five hundred miles of sea.

The radio is the latest, though certainly not the last, of those inventions by means of which the world's ancient geographical frontiers are being destroyed. When Henry M. Stanley, cutting his way through Central Africa, reached the camp of David Livingstone at Lake Tanganyika he brought with him a bag of letters. Livingstone, when he opened them, saw that the postmark was two years old. To-day, a wireless operator in the heart of London can communicate with Lake Tanganyika in one-fortieth of a second. Livingstone drove forward month after month,

month after month, before he reached this camp. To-day transcontinental trains, luxuriously equipped, hurtle the traveler across the continent of Europe. An equally luxurious steamer drops him at Dar es Salaam, from whence another splendid train forwards him rapidly on his journey, landing the follower of Livingstone at Lake Tanganyika within a month after leaving London.

Basil Matthews tells that a small black native lad, Khama, of the Bamangwata, went out with his father to meet Livingstone, coming into Africa afoot. As an old man Khama, an African chief, helped to prepare an aerodrome for the trial flight of the Silver Queen.

By the time the readers of this story are of middle age, say thirty years hence, telephone conversations between Europe and the United States will be as common as they are now between New York and Chicago. Air mail routes will cover the world. There will probably be a three or four-day mail service, by airplane, across the north pole between Asia, America, and Europe. Passenger dirigibles will make a European trip merely the matter of a week-end. The world, for its amusements, will be sitting chair to chair in one vast auditorium; and for its work will be laboring together on one small back lot.

This is the story of a woman who lived in the days when there were still frontiers, dangerous frontiers of geography and more dangerous frontiers of ideas. She dared to pass both, and on into the lonely places where it is always necessary for those few to live who choose to lead mankind.

From a popular point of view there is nothing particularly dramatic in the business of teaching school. But this woman who was both a pioneer and a school-teacher lived a life filled with drama. While it is true that her school was out of the ordinary in equipment, in pupils and, most of all, in location, it was the teacher herself that made the school.

Isabella Thoburn did not start out to be a missionary. Sixty years or so ago the Methodist Episcopal Church did not send out young women as missionaries. When nine women met in the Tremont Street Church in Boston to organize a society to send women abroad to work for the

women of other lands, the church, officially, was somewhat alarmed and considerably amused. One editor, in the wisdom that often falls to the lot of editors, remarked that it would be next in order to "organize the little boys' missionary society." But the nine women in Boston braved the hostility both of the skeptics who doubted that anything new could arise under the sun and of the *status quo-ers* who were convinced that if anything new did arise of which they were not the initiators and sponsors, the results would be disastrous. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was launched by women to whom frontiers, either of geography or of ideas, were never an obstacle, but always a challenge.

Once having set out on this new road to enlist the women of the church on behalf of the women of other lands, it was necessary that someone be found with courage and consecration sufficient to go out as the first missionary of the new society. Such a person was waiting just such an opportunity. Isabella Thoburn, out in a little town in Ohio, had a missionary brother in India. This brother, later Bishop James M. Thoburn, had written to his sister accounts of his work and particularly of the need among the women of India.

One of these letters, after describing the sad lack of schools for women and the sort of work that should be undertaken, concluded with this question, as much in jest as in seriousness: "How would you like to come and take charge of such a school if we decide to make the attempt?"

When the letter reached Isabella Thoburn, who was serving as preceptress in Western Reserve Seminary, she took the question for all, and more, than it meant, and dispatched an immediate answer: "I will come just as soon as a way opens for me to do so." The nine women who met that day in Boston provided the way for which she was looking.

With Miss Thoburn another young woman was appointed to the field: Dr. Clara A. Swain, a graduate in medicine; and the two, in the early fall of 1869, set out for India, via London.

Just how real were the frontiers that these women began to cross, on the day of their sailing, it is difficult for us

to understand. World travelers have made us almost as familiar with India, perhaps more familiar, than the average New Englander of that day was with conditions in the American northwest. Moreover Christian progress in the two generations that have elapsed since then has multiplied the number of those who seek to follow in Jesus' way of life. It is no longer unpopular to be a spokesman for the Master Christian. New ideals of womanhood have appeared throughout the Eastern world. Many of the ancient customs that suppressed and stifled hope in those whom Isabella Thoburn went out to serve are being abandoned.

But sixty years ago when these two young women set sail from Boston on the steamer Rome they went out into the unknown. Their road was not marked out for them because no others had ever gone that way before. Early in 1870, after months of travel, they came to India. They stepped ashore in Bombay, two quiet American girls, unfamiliar with the language, not knowing where they would serve or that their presence would be welcome. They had only the scantiest financial support and an untried organization behind them. Yet these two girls, landing that day in Bombay, proposed to take Jesus Christ to the womanhood of India—and India a vast, inaccessible, caste-ridden empire of three hundred and twenty-five million people!

When they finally took up their posts the two missionaries were separated. Doctor Swain was sent by the Mission Conference to Bareilly, in the north of India. The task of this first woman doctor was looked upon with considerable distrust. Medical men doubted the ability of a woman in this field. And, particularly, it was questioned whether a woman would be trusted in a country where social customs had for so many centuries decreed the isolation of women. But Dr. Swain went ahead with her work wherever she was called upon. She won the confidence of the local authorities and then of the British government. Buildings were placed at her disposal. A modern hospital was founded. Women assistants were trained. The first medical school for women in the country was opened and during her lifetime Doctor Swain saw the

pioneer trail that she traversed become a broad thoroughfare down which many Indian women journeyed to the ministry of Christian healing.

Miss Thoburn was sent to Lucknow, another northern city, and her field of work, as new as that of Doctor Swain, was the Christian education, by women, of the women of India. She, too, was distrusted. It was popularly believed by many Indians that these newcomers were out to collect Indian girls that they might be sent off by the shipload to America; or that they proposed to kill the Indian girls intrusted to their care and make medicine from their eyes. In the face of these superstitions progress was slow and discouraging. The missionary schools for boys were well managed and equipped. The few schools for girls suffered by comparison. Miss Thoburn set out to lift the standard of the girls' schools, asserting that "no people ever rise higher, as a people, than the point to which they elevate their women."

First in this program Miss Thoburn determined to have a school of her own. The opening was not auspicious. A small building, containing only one room, was placed at her disposal in one of the most noisy, congested streets of the city. On the first morning, April 18, 1870, six girls appeared. Two months later this number had increased to seventeen, with Miss Thoburn the preceptress, and the entire faculty.

Probably one of the most serious questions that came up in this school was that of race and caste distinctions. The work was begun as a means for educating the daughters of Christian natives. Quickly, however, applications began to come from Mohammedans and Hindus and from the members of different castes. It was no easy matter to determine what should be done. The lines of cleavage between races that we know in the United States are bad enough, and frequently are perpetuated by the practices of so-called Christians themselves. But in 1870 the distinctions in India were much deeper than anything with which we are familiar.

Miss Thoburn, however, believed with her whole heart that "God hath made of one blood all people." Her gospel was not of an exclusion-law sort. She was convinced that

when God made man in his own image that creation applied to all men and women of whatever color or creed. It took as much, perhaps more, courage to act on that principle in 1870 as in 1926. But Miss Thoburn began to build her school according to her Christian convictions. She did not start out with lectures on the race question or with the establishment of any artificial rules of equality. She merely set out to exemplify, in her own relationships, the spirit of fellowship which she believed to have been incarnated in Jesus. As a result of this life demonstration a graduate of this school was able to write: "I have not seen any place where race prejudice is put so nearly out of sight." Thus did Isabella Thoburn cross a frontier that still remains to be crossed by Christians who have a courage that is real enough to demonstrate, in their own lives, a fellowship as inclusive as that of Jesus.

There were other tasks that confronted Miss Thoburn. In the India of her day, as to-day, disease was widespread and medical help scarce. Fearful were the ravages of cholera and smallpox. But Miss Thoburn, who had received some medical training during the Civil War, went unhesitatingly to the aid of those who were sick. During one season in Lucknow the smallpox epidemic was particularly serious. The disease struck down, among many others, an Indian woman who had assisted Miss Thoburn in her teaching work. The doctor, called in, asserted that the patient could not live. Miss Thoburn went out in search of a nurse and, unable to find one, volunteered for the service herself. She was told, of course, that the likelihood of her contracting the disease was very great and that she would be obliged to undergo an isolation period of a month. But her mind was made up. She took up her duties as nurse, and though the doctor gave up hope of the patient's recovery Miss Thoburn helped this Indian woman through to recovery and then dismissed her task as merely undertaken in the line of duty.

Meanwhile the little school which she had founded had grown steadily. Its fame spread throughout North India and pupils came to it from a distance. A new building, Lal Bagh as it was called, was secured and, in lovely quarters, the foundations were laid for an ambitious pro-

gram for the higher education of the women of India. Twenty years after its founding in the one-room building in the Lucknow bazaar, Miss Thoburn's school had grown into a full high school. Its pupils were going out to enter the university or to return to their homes to gather round them, in little informal classes, the young girls of their own communities. Lal Bagh was becoming a radiation center for a new Indian womanhood.

In 1886 a new situation arose. One of the graduates of Lal Bagh came to Miss Thoburn and asked that she be allowed to continue her studies. There were no classes beyond high-school grade and, for the first time, it became necessary to face the "impossible" project of an Indian college for women. There was no money for the new enterprise and no precedent. But the young student was allowed to continue in special classes and in the face of criticism and a considerable amount of scorn another frontier was passed. The first Woman's Christian College of the Orient had begun its work.

Henceforth, Miss Thoburn gave her life for this institution. She worked relentlessly. She seldom went with the others to the mountains for the summer but remained in the oppressive city heat that her activities might not be interrupted. On several visits to the United States, one over a period of a number of years, she was ceaselessly engaged in making sure the future of the enterprise that she had begun.

In 1901 she returned, again, to India. There at her post in Lucknow on September 1, 1901, Miss Thoburn was attacked with Asiatic cholera, a disease through which she had nursed many others but from which she did not recover. To her bedside, on that last day, there came the young Indian girls from the college, the successors of those in whose behalf, thirty years before, she had come to India, and sang to her:

> "Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
> Tune my heart to sing thy grace."

With their song still echoing through Lal Bagh Isabella Thoburn crossed her last frontier.

But the work that she began, in those pioneer days, goes

forward. To-day there are seven interdenominational Christian colleges for women in the Orient, all built on the foundations which were laid in Lucknow. The school which was started, now the Isabella Thoburn College, was moved in 1923 from Lal Bagh to Chand Bagh—Moon Garden—and on its campus, in contrast to the small beginnings, modern college buildings have been built and others are in process of erection.

Where Isabella Thoburn began her work and was herself the entire faculty, there are to-day twenty-three teachers on the staff, composed of Indians and Americans, educated in the best universities of the West. The student body still welcomes students into its fellowship regardless of racial or creedal distinctions. Out from its classes, year after year, there is going forth a stream of young women who, already, have proved their leadership in politics, in science, and in Christian teaching.

Isabella Thoburn crossed the world's frontiers to help the women of India. Her work to-day is immortal, as immortal as the need of the world, drawn now into one community, for the leadership of Jesus Christ.

WALTER REED

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater *works* than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father. (John 14. 12.)

And heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you. (Luke 10. 9.)

And Jesus went about all the cities and the villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness. (Matt. 9. 35.)

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V

A MICROBE HUNTER

Who have helped the world forward more rapidly, the heroes of war or the heroes of peace?

Why is it that the heroes of war receive so much more attention than the heroes of peace?

How does God call a man to serve him in the medical profession?

What distinction, if any, should be made between those who preach God's message in medicine and business and law, and those who preach from the pulpit?

How can we attain for ourselves more of the spirit of heroic service that burned in the soul of Walter Reed?

How can we develop this spirit in others?

What are some of the crusades that need starting in this modern world?

"Dream not helm nor harness,
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher test of manhood,
Than battle ever knew."

It was the hand of God! Along the city streets there was no traffic save the steady stream of carts that, unattended by friends or relatives, bore out the dead. Shutters were drawn and doors opened only timidly. Those obliged to venture abroad dared not walk on the sidewalks but, for fear of contamination, followed the middle of the street. Friends met friends and passed without greeting. Out in Bush Hill, where the poor were cared for, the hospital was thronged. Dead and dying were heaped together, practically unattended. Philadelphia, in that summer of 1793, was a place of doom, for death, yellow-fever death, held the city. Between August and December one citizen in every ten was destroyed by the "visitation."

A century passed. Meanwhile, in the intervening years, there were other epidemics like that in Philadelphia. In New Orleans and Memphis, in towns all the way from Pensacola, Florida, to Nantucket Island off the coast of

Massachusetts, the disease had ravaged its way. Medical science was baffled and, once the first case appeared, the disease wrought its devastation unchecked.

Then one day, in 1893, by order of the War Department, a young captain of the Medical Corps of the United States army was transferred from a frontier post in western Dakota to the army medical school in Washington. And soon thereafter the first lines were drawn for one of the most heroic conquests of history.

Captain Walter Reed, called in from the plains to Washington, was a born crusader. Had he lived at the end of the eleventh century, I do not doubt but that he would have gone with the first of the Templars who carried the banners of Christendom into Syria and unfurled them above the walls of Jerusalem. The end of the nineteenth century saw no enterprise of that sort, but the courage that was in the heart of Walter Reed and the zeal for humanity that was in his eyes would not be denied. So he made his own crusade.

The order to Washington came at the end of a long, hard trail for him, a trail that began when, at sixteen, he entered the University of Virginia. For two sessions he remained at the university until economic pressure made it necessary that he leave school. Because of his extreme youth the venerable faculty at the university refused to grant him the credits he desired. Whereupon he startled his professors by inquiring if he could secure a medical degree from them providing he passed the examinations. Believing that they were perfectly safe in such a promise the faculty agreed and Reed, with the dignity of sixteen, replied, "Gentlemen, I hold you to your promise."

Nine months later the youngster appeared before the examining board, passed the tests with third highest honors and received his diploma, the youngest student ever graduated from the medical school of the University of Virginia.

That was the beginning of Walter Reed's crusade. He went, soon after, to New York, where in New York City and Brooklyn he served as interne. And then, one day, he was made district physician in one of the worst sections of the city. Day after day he walked in and out of the

filth and suffering and hopelessness of New York's slum life, and the wrong of it all was written in his soul.

From a day of these visits he returned, one night, to his room, which he shared with his brother Christopher. The horror and hardness of life that he had seen was heavy upon him. Unaware that his brother was in the room he went to the window, pulled aside the curtain and looked out over the great expanse of the city, and repeated slowly, to himself, the words of another Man who had walked with folks and healed them:

"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which were done in you, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes."

And kneeling down, beside his bed, he repeated in a whisper:

"Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

Walter Reed's crusade was in the making!

Several months later the young doctor determined to leave general practice and enter the Medical Corps of the United States army. In general practice he had found himself hampered because of his youth. "It is a remarkable fact," he wrote, "that a man's success during his first decade depends more upon his beard than upon his brains."

It was not easy to make the change. Preparation for the examinations almost completely broke his health. From a sick-bed he wrote to his financée of his discouragement and his faith:

"Do not think that I shrink from meeting life's realities. No, no. That would display a lack of courage and a want of faith. Nor that I would not wish to live many years yet. It may be that God in his all-wise Providence has some wise purpose for me, humble as I am, to fulfill, and shall I shrink from it?"

But Reed was not of the stuff that is easily turned

back. His examinations were successfully passed, and in May, 1876, at Fort Lowell, Arizona, more isolated then from Washington than Alaska is to-day, he began garrison life. For eighteen years, before that history-making order to Washington, Reed served as army surgeon at frontier posts. It was a desolate life for him and for his wife, accustomed as they were to the comfortable surroundings of the East. Most young men looking for big jobs, "in the interests of science and for humanity," would not have chosen as Reed chose. It was a hard routine. The post job, itself, was hard enough. But Reed was called upon by the settlers for miles around. Through sandstorms and blizzards he plowed his way to those in need. Apache Indian or white settlers, there were no racial lines drawn around his helpfulness.

This, perhaps, was Reed's apprenticeship. Certainly he brought with him to Washington a broad experience. And developments soon occurred which called him from general medical work to scientific research. In the field of research his energy and knowledge were soon turned by the situation in Cuba to a study of yellow fever.

There were many wild theories about yellow fever. Wildest of the lot was that of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana. Doctor Finlay set the medical world laughing at him by declaring —it was more a guess than anything else—that yellow fever was not contagious, as everyone believed, but was carried by a mosquito. Walter Reed, however, didn't laugh. With Dr. James Carroll and others he set out to demonstrate what others had only conjectured. Then came the call to Cuba.

Havana, in 1899, was hard hit by yellow fever. More American soldiers, thousands more, had been killed by the epidemic than by the Spanish troops. Among those hardest hit were the staff officers of General Leonard Wood, more than one third of whom had died. Early in 1900, therefore, a Yellow Fever Commission assembled in Cuba to study the situation. Of this commission Walter Reed was chairman.

With the work of this group of men the real crusade began, for it was necessary to have human subjects for experiment! Guinea pigs or rabbits simply would not do

for the study of yellow fever. The commission members began on themselves. Investigation had driven them to view with considerable favor the wild theory of Doctor Finlay, that yellow fever was carried by mosquitoes. Consequently, with the chances high that he would not survive, Doctor Carroll submitted to inoculation from several of the healthiest of the infected mosquitoes. With great promptness he came down with the disease. He was carried away to the yellow-fever camp. For three days and nights his life hung in the balance. But the disease ran its course and Doctor Carroll survived.

Tragedy came, however, when Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, another member of the commission, was bitten. Lazear was a young man, thirty-four years of age, with a wife and two small children in the United States. But he played the game. He was bitten. One week later, after most violent suffering, he died.

Walter Reed, who had been called temporarily to Washington, returned to Havana to face this tragedy. But it was necessary to carry forward the experimentation. Other volunteers for mosquito bites—and death—were called for. Doctor Reed came forward. But his superiors, over his bitter protest, refused him permission to sacrifice himself. Then two buck privates, John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran, both from Ohio, walked into Major Reed's office and offered themselves, as they put it, "solely in the interest of humanity and the cause of science."

Doctor Reed made the matter plain to them. He pointed out the horrors of the disease and the chances against their surviving it. But Privates Kissinger and Moran were determined.

"All right," said Doctor Reed, "we will compensate you for the danger."

The young men rose to their feet: "No, sir," said they, "our one condition is that we are to receive no pay."

Whereupon Major Reed arose; his hand to his forehead: "Gentlemen, I salute you."

And later, when both these men had recovered, he wrote: "In my opinion this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States."

From that day forward there was always an excess of volunteers for yellow-fever experiment far beyond the number needed. Many of these offers were accepted. There were other jobs in this business of human experimentation than those of mosquito inoculation. For one thing it was believed that yellow fever was carried in bed clothing and on the persons of individuals. That theory, therefore, Reed set out to disprove. More volunteers came. A special camp, well isolated, was built for them. Into one of the houses in this camp, a house with little ventilation, there were carried two boxes packed full and nailed tight.

When all was in readiness an American doctor and two American soldiers entered this house, bolted the door, and unpacked the boxes of filthy rags taken from the beds and from the bodies of those unfortunates who had had yellow fever and had not recovered. Following the instructions of Reed they scattered the "germs" well around in the room and, finally, made up their beds of the very clothing that had been on the beds of the yellow-fever victims. For day after day and night after night these three heroes stuck by their nauseating posts. Daily they expected that one or all of them would come down with the disease. More boxes were brought to make the test complete. After twenty such days and nights, the experiment complete, they were released.

But their release was not for long. Doctor Reed and Doctor Carroll, to prove that these men were not immune, exposed two of them to the bites of the fever-carrying mosquitoes and both, with dispatch, came down with the disease. They went down through the Valley of the Shadow and then, at last, recovered.

Thus, by the courage of men and by his own courage, did Walter Reed determine that a yellow-striped mosquito (*Stegomyia fasciata*) transmits yellow fever by its bite. The mosquito becomes infected by biting a person ill with the fever, and then by biting another person introduces the infection into the blood.

The work of the Commission was remarkable for the thoroughness and accuracy of its experiments, for the devotion of its members in dangerous experimentation, and for

the far-reaching importance of the conclusions reached. Its work made possible the annihilation of the disease. Just what that discovery meant for America and for mankind is revealed in the fact that a single widespread epidemic of yellow fever would cost the United States more in money, to say nothing of the grief and misery which it would entail, than the purchase of Cuba. But that is not all. Doctor Reed's work saved more lives, annually, than were lost in the Cuban war, and more money than that war cost.

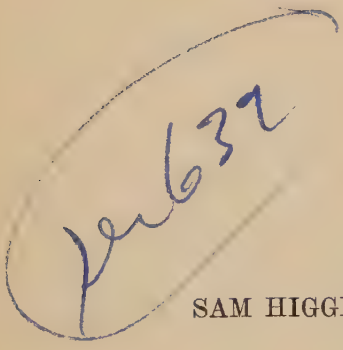
But Walter Reed gave his life in this crusade. Day and night, year after year, it had consumed his energy and destroyed his strength. In 1902, just three years after he felt certain that his quest was victorious, and just as the world was beginning to acclaim him, he was suddenly attacked with appendicitis. He was tired and worn, too tired and worn to recover. He never came out from under the ether and his last words, as he slipped off into unconsciousness, were: "I am leaving my wife and daughter so little . . . so little . . ."

He had lived victoriously. His religion, and it was deeply a part of him, was very much akin to that of another Great Physician who went about "healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people." Walter Reed gave his life that there might be more of happiness and less of suffering. He made his own crusade, and it led him into the service of Him who was chiefly concerned with human helpfulness.

Just how deep was Walter Reed's faith and how great his thankfulness is revealed from this letter, written from Cuba to his wife as the nineteenth century ticked into the twentieth:

"Only ten minutes of the old century remain. Here have I been sitting, reading that most wonderful book, *La Roche on Yellow Fever,* written in 1853. Forty-seven years later it has been permitted to me and my assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this most wonderful, dreadful pest of humanity, and to put it on a rational and scientific basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished during the latter days of the old century. May its cure be wrought out in the

early days of the new! The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted! A thousand Happy New Years . . . Hark, there go the twenty-four buglers in concert all sounding 'Taps' for the old year."



SAM HIGGINBOTHAM

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb yielding seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for food: and to every beast of the earth, and to every bird of the heavens, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, *I have given* every green herb for food: and it was so. (Gen. 1. 29, 30.)

VI

PREACHING WITH PLOWS

How is the question of bread and butter related to the problem of world peace?

What is the relation between foreign missions and more food?

Can a man be a good Christian on an empty stomach? Reasons?

Has better farming in the United States helped to make better people?

Why has God allowed so many of his people to live without adequate food?

What is the fundamental purpose of Christian missions?

Is there more or less need now for foreign missionaries than formerly? Why?

Do you agree with Higginbotham's idea, that it is difficult to be a useful servant of God on an empty stomach?

What actual relationship do you believe Higginbotham's agricultural work bears toward the progress of Christianity in India?

For most folks in this world life's biggest problem is to discover where the next meal will come from. By "most folks" I do not mean those with whom the average American is acquainted. The average American, although there are many glaring exceptions, belongs to the sure-food minority. The question of bread and butter, or of corn, or rice, is not constantly pressing upon us in America. Perhaps we are never aware of it at all. But for a majority of the billion and more folks who inhabit the globe this matter of food is a serious problem and one that they never quite forget. In India alone there are said to be forty million people who have never had *and will never have* their hunger satisfied.

And one glimpse over the horizon into to-morrow's world seems to make it plain that bread and butter and corn and rice are to constitute an even greater factor in the future. At the opening of the nineteenth century the population of Europe was 150,000,000. When the World War began

it had increased to 400,000,000. The approximate population of the entire world in 1810 was 682,000,000. In 1919 it was estimated at 1,700,000,000, an increase of more than one hundred per cent. And statisticians give us the rather disturbing prophecy that in another one hundred years our globe will house, under one sort of roof or another, some three billion people. In other words, according to many observers, our folks are increasing more rapidly than our food.

Now, these questions of bread and butter are of religious importance. Starvation, probably, is no more conducive to spiritual than to physical development. And when whole nations live under the constant threat of hunger and deprivation, with the squalor and filth so often attendant, one can hardly expect to find much concern for those values which the religion of Jesus represents.

Fundamentally, of course, the problem of food gets back to the soil. The question of what and how much the world eats depends, in the last analysis, upon what and how much the world's farmers grow.

It is significant of the approach of Christianity to the most basic human needs that in these days a new Christian ministry has developed, the ministry of agriculture. In many parts of the world schools of agriculture are supplementing the contributions of schools of theology. The New Testament is finding exposition in terms of up-to-date plows, better seeds, crop rotation, and fertilizer. The bodies of men are being helped to provide fit housing for their souls.

I remember a Thanksgiving Day spent in a remote little village in the south of China. In this Chinese village of Shao Wu I met one of these preacher-farmers. He had come to this community two years before and started an economic revolution. Before his coming the village and entire countryside every few years had suffered a famine because of an unfamiliarity with the proper methods of agriculture. This man, a graduate of the college of agriculture of the University of Ohio, arrived in Shao Wu with an equipment that consisted of two wheelbarrows, a harrow, and a cultivator, together with a lot of skeptical Chinese, a plot of ground of about fifty-five acres, and an

undaunted conviction that the road to China's salvation lay down the path of a furrow—a much deeper, better furrow than any at present, of course, but a furrow, nevertheless. He has converted the skeptical Chinese to his point of view, has eliminated the prospect of famine, and has demonstrated in terms of the most vital matters just how practical is this gospel that Jesus preached and to which this agriculturist had dedicated his life.

Christianity across the world is hard at the job of providing demonstrations of just that sort. There are at the present time some two hundred and seventy-five agricultural experiment stations under foreign missionary auspices. They are scattered across Africa and India and China and Latin America. They represent the economic aspect of Jesus' program of individual and world redemption.

Of all the individuals who have carried forward this business of the gospel and the plow one is particularly significant.

One day more than twenty years ago a young Princeton senior fell in with a missionary from India.

"What are your plans?" asked the missionary.

"Theological school and then China or South America," said the senior.

"Why not India?"

"I am not trained for work among the students with whom I would be thrown out there."

Whereupon the missionary made a proposal: that this young missionary write at once and ask that his board send him, without further preparation, to India to work among the outcaste people, in those communities where the mass movement was under way. The Princeton student accepted the proposal, and the fall of that year, following his graduation, found him in northern India ready to go to his post.

But plans did not materialize as he had hoped. A missionary shortage had vacated a teaching position in the college in Allahabad, and to meet the crisis Sam Higginbotham was sent, not to the outcastes, but to this institution to teach economics. In college young Higginbotham had taken "ec" because it was required. Now he went through a hurried cramming process and started teaching. He founded

his courses, in so far as possible, on the project principle. He took his students out to see the situations about which they were studying. Economics, at Allahabad, began to represent something new; it became a course in the fundamental human problem of bread and butter and the questions involved in getting both.

But Sam Higginbotham's thoughts were still with the outcastes. On these excursions with his classes he came into touch with the "real India." Some ninety per cent of the nation's people are farmers, living in seven hundred thousand villages up and down through the empire. Higginbotham saw that the real economics of India simmered down, finally, to this problem of India's farmers.

And what impressed him about the farmers of India was their poverty. As a lad he had lived on his father's dairy farm and his memory of the way things were done in the West created a determination to introduce these methods in India. He watched farmers scratch the top of the sun-baked soil and raise sickly harvests when, a few inches underneath, was a rich soil that had never been touched. He saw starving cattle and starving families. He did some reckoning and discovered that the average farmer raised about eight bushels of wheat to the acre and that the average income of the farming family amounted to about five cents a day for every working member of the household.

These observations lodged in the mind of Sam Higginbotham and he determined that practical economics and practical Christianity demanded action on this problem. So he presented his program to a few fellow missionaries:

"Our Christian progress," he said, "will always be identified with the progress of the farmers in India. We've brought the gospel to a great many of these farmers. We need to supplement the gospel with a few plows and some better seeds and a little modern instruction."

"All right," said the missionaries, "that sounds feasible. Why don't you return to the United States, get an agricultural education, raise the money you need, and come back here to start that enterprise?"

"It's a large order," said Higginbotham, "but I'll undertake it."

So he returned to the United States and registered in the college of agriculture at the University of Ohio. He studied there for two years and at the end of that time received his degree in agriculture. Meanwhile he had had several other things to do. On an average he spoke thirty times each month during those two years at home. He laid his proposal before all sorts of audiences and he received all sorts of help. In one theater where he spoke a scene shifter, dusty and in shirt sleeves, handed him a ten-dollar bill as he left, with the request to "invest this in your job over there." Small children and wealthy manufacturers contributed and at the end of two years Higginbotham was again on his way to India, this time with his degree and $30,000 with which to start his agricultural mission.

With the money Higginbotham secured a farm of two hundred and seventy-five acres near Allahabad on a main highway down which several million pilgrims journey every year to the sacred waters of the nearby Ganges. Then farm buildings were erected; a bungalow residence, cattle shed, underground silos, and a storeroom. With a small herd of stock and some machinery the experiment was ready to begin.

Higginbotham, by the way, had purposely chosen for the farm a second-rate plot of land. If he had chosen one of the best farms the Indians would have declared that anyone could raise crops on such land. So he picked poor ground. Some of it had never been plowed. It was grown over thickly with coarse grass. The tiny plows of the Indian farmers could cut the surface of this soil but they could not kill out the grass. Before seeds could take root the old grass would spring up again and choke out the crop. Farmers had refused to pay eight cents an acre rental for the land which Higginbotham chose.

But Higginbotham invaded the place with modern machinery. He started across the farm with a Titan tractor with three American plows behind it. The roots of the grass and weeds were turned up to dry out in the sun and then plowed back again to enrich the soil. And a miracle was worked, so that, in 1919, the same skeptical farmers who had refused to offer eight cents an acre a few years before said they would pay eight dollars an acre

—a sky high rental in India—for the use of this particular land.

With these demonstrations under way the fame of the place began to spread. Young Indians appeared at the farm asking to be taught.

"But," said Higginbotham, "we haven't any dormitories for you, as yet."

"That's all right," said the young Indians, "when the weather is good we will sleep out of doors; when it is bad we will move on to your veranda. We will find some way to make out."

So the school began. Agricultural schools, then, were not popular. It was thought that anyone could farm, and the "really ambitious" young men wished to qualify for some teaching or governmental post. But Higginbotham's school soon added dignity to this work. And, within a short time, the students there began to go out to positions of influence throughout all of India.

The story of Harry Dutt, I suppose, is typical of many others. When he first came to the school, the son of a native Indian preacher, Higginbotham relates that he was lazy and uninterested. At the end of the first year, he called the student in and said that, from the work he had done or, rather, had failed to do, it was the opinion of the faculty that he should be asked to leave. The Indian lad was astonished and chagrined and asked, immediately, for another chance.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Higginbotham.

"Give me a plot of ground. Let me pay rent and cultivate it myself and I'll show you whether or not I can make good."

So it was agreed. Harry Dutt received five acres of land and set to work upon it. He paid rent for the land and for the oxen and the tools that he used. Three days he worked on the land and three days attended lectures in the school. His little farm was a success. He employed a helper and sold his products in the city. At the end of a year he had cleared a profit and his plot of ground was a show place for the countryside.

A Maharajah, visiting the agricultural station, inquired about this particular piece of ground and Higginbotham

called upon Harry to explain his methods. When he had finished the Maharajah offered him a job to take charge of his palace gardens at one hundred and fifty rupees a month and expense allowances.

"No," said Harry, "I'll have to finish my course here first."

When he had completed the course two positions awaited Harry Dutt; one with this Maharajah at one hundred and fifty rupees a month and another at a mission school at seventy-five rupees a month. He took time off to look over both propositions and came back to accept the mission job.

"I made up my mind," he told Mr. Higginbotham, "that I had failed you in that first year, in an enterprise that was of the greatest importance to my people. I am determined now to give my life in the same enterprise and I want to make it a Christian work."

Mr. Higginbotham's school is one of the outstanding Christian monuments in India. His work cuts right across the ancient lines of caste and custom. Princes and paupers plow side by side and nothing short of a social revolution is implied in the spectacle of high-born Brahmans working in cooperation with outcaste sweepers, the most despised of Indians. A prince who came to the school with an imposing retinue of servants and attendants was considerably dismayed to be put to work carrying fodder for the silo, but he quickly caught the spirit of the place and entered into it with enthusiasm.

Higginbotham's influence has gone out through the entire land. In the state of Gwalior he has a standing offer to leave his Christian school, with his meager salary, and accept a fund of $6,000,000 to start agricultural work in that province. Other rulers have sought his aid and offered him princely salaries to work in their provinces. But Higginbotham has continued to serve them all and sell out to none. From Allahabad there is going forth a leaven that is gradually affecting the economic life of the entire nation. And directing the work at Allahabad is a man who believes that that transformation must come in the name of Jesus Christ because of his faith that not agriculture alone will save India, but agriculture and

hospitals and schools plus the vitalizing power for right living which the founder of Christianity represents. It is a new approach to the problem of bringing in the kingdom of God, one that is far removed from the methods that have been traditionally used in the foreign missions of the evangelical churches. But who would even venture to deny that it is in line with the spirit of Jesus? And who knows but what when the final history of the Christian missionary enterprise is written the missionary with the plow may be placed in the front rank of those who through the ages have made original contributions to the progress of the kingdom?

FRANCES WILLARD

And then shall many stumble, and shall deliver up one another, and shall hate one another. And many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many astray. And because iniquity shall be multiplied, the love of the many shall wax cold. But he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved. (Matt. 24. 10-13.)

VII

A WOMAN AND A CRUSADE

What is your opinion of the effects, in your community, of prohibition?
What is your opinion relative to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment? Of the modification of the Volstead Act?
Why has it been difficult to make prohibition completely effective?
What laws can you name that are perfectly enforced?
Does difficulty of enforcement constitute an argument for repeal?
What are the chief influences behind the move for the defeat of prohibition?
What part did Frances Willard have in bringing about our great national reform—constitutional prohibition?
What things do you believe Miss Willard would emphasize to-day if she were alive to direct the forces of temperance?

It was a great day in the Willard family. Oliver was just twenty-one and with his father was going off to town to cast his first vote. To vote, in those days, was almost the final mark of a man. So Oliver starting off that morning in the buckboard with his father was on a real adventure—leaving boyhood behind him and assuming the first and one of the most important of the responsibilities of manhood.

But there were two members of the Willard family who could not quite appreciate the event in its full significance. Frances and Mary, Oliver's sisters, were younger than he, but they felt, on that election day, that they, too, should have a share in this business of government that seemed to be reserved exclusively for men. Frances felt a strange ache in her heart and the tears came to her eyes. Mary, too, was particularly sober.

"Don't you wish we could go with them when we are old enough?" Frances said. "Don't we love our country just as well as they do?"

"Yes, of course we ought," Mary answered. "Don't I know that? But you mustn't tell a soul, not mother, even; we should be called 'strong-minded.'"

Frances Willard, however, determined that if a cause is righteous one can afford to run the risk of being called unpleasant names because of one's devotion to it. There is, after all, something commendable in individuals who are "strong-minded" on behalf of the truth. And no person, high or low, ever undertook to stand for any principle of importance without soon or late having to suffer the attacks of those who are afraid of the truth. Frances Willard gave her life to one of the greatest of social reforms. She was assailed as all reformers are assailed. But to-day she has won the immortality reserved for the world's Crusaders.

Frances Willard was born of pioneer parents. Although her birthplace was in New York State, her father and mother, when she was a small child, set out for the West in the great tide of immigration that was just setting in. They stopped, finally, at Oberlin, Ohio, where for five years Frances' father and mother studied at the college there. Then, when ill-health threatened the father, the little family bought three prairie schooners and set out again toward the Northwest. For more than thirty days they traveled, through Ohio and Indiana and Illinois, past the miserable little settlement known as Chicago, up into Wisconsin to a lovely valley near the Rock River. Here they stopped, unpacked their belongings, and set about the hard task of building a home in this frontier spot.

In "Forest Home," as they called it, Frances Willard and her brother and sister grew through childhood. Frances, it must be said, was very much the leader of the three. When the three children founded a model community, it was Frances who edited the newspaper, and was captain of the good ship Enterprise which they built across two convenient hencoops to sail on magic inland seas.

But Frances, who dimly remembered those days back at Oberlin, wanted more than anything else to go to school. When Oliver went away to school in Janesville, Wisconsin, and brought home mysterious books and wonderful stories her desire was increased. Then, one day, it was announced that someone from the East had come into the community and was to open a school. Frances and Mary were excited. On the opening day they were up before daybreak,

their lunch boxes packed and, long before the time of opening or before the teacher had arrived, they were at the school.

And that night, after the thrill of the first day, Frances wrote in her diary:

"At last Professor Hodge appeared, in his long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, carrying an armful of school books and a dinner bell in his hand. He stood on the steps and rang the bell, long, loud, and merrily. My heart bounded, and I said inside of it, so that nobody heard: 'At last we are going to school all by ourselves, Mary and I, and we are going to have advantages like other folks, just as mother said we should.' O! goody-goody! I feel satisfied with the world, myself, and the rest of mankind."

This desire to learn was always present with Frances Willard. "I want to know everything, everything," she wrote. "It is only knowing that can make one free." When, a number of years later, she went for two years of study and travel abroad she spent eight hours of nearly every day in definite, concentrated study. It is told of her that on a boat journey up the Hudson while her friends were on deck enjoying the scenery, Frances Willard was in her cabin, hard at work. When some one remonstrated with her she replied: "I know myself too well to go on deck. There is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it."

When she had finished the little country school near her home Frances was not satisfied. She wanted to go to college,—a difficult desire to satisfy in those days of few women's schools. But when she was eighteen she was sent away to Milwaukee and later to the Northwestern Female College in Evanston, Illinois, where she graduated. Frances Willard's ambition then seemed to be for a literary career. In the old treetop retreat which the children had built on the old Forest Home farm, Frances had begun her "literary" work with a novel more than four hundred pages in length. In Milwaukee she was soon made the editor of the school paper and the same honor was given her in Evanston, where she was also the leader in one of the literary clubs.

Though Frances Willard excelled in scholarship her

interests were much wider than the classroom. She wrote once in her diary that "I am more interested in the Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli than in any book I have read for years. Here we see what a woman achieved for herself, not so much fame or honor—these are of minor importance—but a whole character, a cultivated intellect, right judgment, self-knowledge, self-happiness. If she, why not we, by steady toil?"

Thus Frances Willard showed in her schooldays the talents for leadership that were so apparent in later life. When one of the girls made fun of a certain red hood, Frances settled the matter by direct action, thrashing the young lady in the presence of the rest. From the men she held aloof, believing that women had to determine their own courses of action without masculine direction. Fraternities were just in their beginnings in those days and were confined, at first, to organizations of the young men. Frances, however, was not to be outdone by these mystic organizations. She brought together a little group of girls, prescribed a complicated rigmarole of initiation and launched a sorority.

After college Frances Willard taught school for several years. Then the death of her sister and father and the marriage of her brother broke up the old home in Wisconsin. The life that she had known was destroyed and she was obliged to consider making her own life. She wrote: "I am to lose sight of the old familiar landmarks; old things are passing from me whose love is for old things. I am pushing out all by myself into the wide, wide sea."

But this new life into which she entered was definite and active. After two years abroad Miss Willard came back to the United States as president of her Alma Mater, and later, when the school was merged with Northwestern University, she was made dean of women.

But developments were coming which were destined to take her from this quiet academic environment into a more strenuous world of action. The drive against liquor was in its beginnings. In those days only a few, mostly women, were courageous enough actively to oppose the saloon. These few were scoffed at and ridiculed, were called radical and dangerous, and threatened with all of the dire con-

sequences with which pioneers in any new movement against evil are threatened. But the women accepted the scorn and abuse as part of the price that they must pay and kept on parading and preaching and praying for a victory over the liquor interests.

During these first days of the dry crusade a band of Chicago women marched together one day to make demand upon the city council that certain laws against the saloon be enforced. Incidentally, it is remarkable how the liquor traffic and the law, at no point, have ever been brought into harmonious contact. The two, some way or other, are simply not reconcilable. This company of Chicago women was set upon by a huge crowd of ruffians. They were insulted by liquor-interest thugs but in spite of this lawless and brutal action their appeals made only a slight impression upon the city fathers.

But this incident made a deep impression on Miss Willard. Her fighting blood was up. "War has been declared," she said. "And this is everybody's war." She went out on a campaign of her own, making speeches and enlisting the support of women and men alike. More and more this drive against the saloon absorbed her interest until she felt that her work at Northwestern was of secondary importance. So effectively, in fact, did she enter this reform that within a short time she was asked to assume the leadership of the newly organized branch of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union. On the same day another letter arrived offering her the position of principal in an exclusive and important school in New York at a very substantial salary. The W. C. T. U. job offered no salary whatever but Miss Willard chose to accept it.

Many of her friends were startled. Why should she give up a literary career or so splendid an academic position for this reform work? After all, weren't these women just a little queer? And could she afford to sacrifice her position by such intimate association with them in a reform that involved so many unpleasant things? She had, moreover, a debt to art that could never be fulfilled in a temperance crusade.

But Miss Willard was determined. "What greater art,"

she said, "than to try to restore the image of God to faces that have lost it?"

So she left the comforts of life in Evanston for her work in Chicago. It was hard work too. There was no money for her support and she had no income of her own. She walked, because carfares were lacking. She shared some of the suffering of those among whom she worked, for she frequently was obliged to go without her meals. But the organization that was perfected in those days stood the test. And eventually her coworkers realized the handicaps under which Miss Willard had been working and gave her a salary. But a good share of that each year was spent in the interests of the enterprise in which she was engaged.

And in that enterprise Miss Willard received a genuine religious experience that served her as a source of strength through all of the strenuous years that followed. With a small group of crusaders Miss Willard marched, one day, down into the worst section of Chicago. Before one of the worst saloons of the district they stopped to sing their songs, for the saloon-keeper had refused them entrance. At the next door they were admitted, and for the first time Frances Willard saw the inside of this misery-breeding institution. The leader of their little group of women read from the Bible; together they sang "Rock of Ages," and then Miss Willard was called upon to pray. In the midst of that crowd of half-drunken men and hoodlums she knelt on the sawdust-covered floor and prayed for them and for victory over the blight of alcohol. In that saloon Frances Willard received her baptism of fire. Henceforth she was more than ever a crusader.

From that time forward Miss Willard's influence and leadership entered a constantly widening sphere. She was elected to an office in the Illinois W. C. T. U. and later made secretary of the national organization. Her time was not her own save for the six weeks out of each year that she returned to the little cottage in Evanston for rest and counsel with her mother who lived there.

"Instead of peace," Miss Willard wrote, "I was to participate in war; instead of the sweetness of home, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; instead of

libraries, I was to frequent public halls and railway carriages; instead of scholarly and cultured men, I was to see the dregs of the saloon and gambling house."

In 1879 Miss Willard was made national president of the W. C. T. U. and her activities were multiplied. She declared it her intention to speak in every town of ten thousand population or more in the United States. She accomplished that purpose and included, probably, most of the towns of five thousand inhabitants. There was no cessation in her work; it was one constant round of meetings, speeches, Pullman trains, election fights, more speeches, and more meetings. It was her ambition to plant a chapter of the W. C. T. U. in every town in the country and to make these chapters the centers for a nation-wide educational program against liquor.

Gradually, however, it was apparent to Miss Willard that she had entered a wider field than the fight against the saloon. There were other vices to be destroyed than the liquor traffic. So the base of the organization was speedily broadened, until it included a comprehensive program for the betterment of home life.

Even this, however, was not enough. Women, without the vote, would continue to be less powerful than they might become. So she declared for woman suffrage. In a famous speech at Newark, New Jersey, against the advice of many of her friends, Miss Willard argued for "votes for women." When she had finished "a lady from New York, gray-haired and dignified, who was presiding, said to the audience: 'The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is not responsible for the utterances of this evening. We have no mind to trail our skirts in the mire of politics.' . . . As we left the church one of our chief women said, 'You might have been a leader in our national councils, but you have deliberately chosen to be only a scout.'"

But Miss Willard could not be stopped by the criticisms of narrow-visioned people. She went ahead, seeing always wider horizons and greater opportunities. Out of her courage the National W. C. T. U. became the world's W. C. T. U. and she was elected its first president. In this great field she fought the opium traffic; she directed relief for the Armenians, persecuted under the rule of the Turks;

in short, she became the apostle of the Christian women of the world, united in behalf of a better humanity. Then, at fifty-nine, worn out with incessant toil, Frances Willard died, having given all of her strength to the task to which she had set her hand.

There is but one woman among the soldiers and statesmen enshrined in the rotunda of the national Capitol at Washington, D. C. To each State places are assigned for two citizens who have served the Nation. Illinois chose to place Miss Willard in this gallery. When her statue was dedicated, the representative of Illinois declared:

"Frances E. Willard once said: 'If I were asked what was the true mission of the ideal woman, I would say, "It is to make the whole world homelike."' Illinois, therefore, presents this statue not only as a tribute to her whom it represents, one of the foremost women of America, but as a tribute to woman and her right influence upon our national life; to woman in the home, to woman wherever she is toiling for the good of humanity; to woman everywhere who has ever stood 'for God, for home, for native land.'"

MICHAEL PUPIN

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world. . . ." (Psa. 19. 1-4.)

But now they desire a better *country*, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city. (Heb. 11. 16.)

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VIII

THE RESOURCES OF MICHAEL PUPIN

In what ways is America the "land of opportunity"?
How many generations ago were your parents immigrants?
Are there any foreigners in your community?
What is your church doing for them?
Have you ever made friends with a member of an immigrant family?
Excluding the Indians, who are the "real Americans"? Why?
On what basis do you judge a "good American"?
What qualities of mind and character constitute Michael Pupin a "good American"?
In what ways is the religious faith of a man like Pupin an asset to him in his scientific researches?

In negotiable resources Michael Pupin, when he landed in America fifty years ago, brought with him exactly five cents. The five cents were soon invested. Outside the inclosure at Castle Garden, where the immigrants in those days were landed, the young Serb found a peddler whose trade was in prune pies. Prunes evidently were a rare delicacy back in the ancient village of Idvor from which Michael had come. So the five cents went for this pie; a pie that turned out to be a fraud, filled with prune pits instead of prunes. And Michael trudged off to undertake the conquest of America with his pockets empty and his heart sad at such speedy disillusionment.

Actually, however, this young Serbian immigrant brought with him much more than five cents. For one thing he had a Turkish fez. His own hat had blown overboard in the crossing and he had been obliged to wear the strange headdress of the Turks, a piece of his wardrobe that he had been unable to sell before sailing. This Turkish fez brought him adventures before he had gone far from the peddler with the bogus prune pies. In Battery Place, at the foot of Manhattan Island, Michael was hailed with joy by a crowd of newsboys who saw a chance for some fun at his expense. Their leader learned, to his sorrow, that

the lads of the village of Idvor have much more physical prowess than their apparel might indicate, and Michael walked up Broadway carrying his first American honors.

But there were more important resources in Michael's stock than physical prowess. For one thing he had a great desire to know—to know everything. This had been apparent when in Idvor his parents found that they must plan to afford him opportunities not provided by the village school. So he had gone off to a bigger town located on the Tamish River and not far from the famed Danube. Here a strange and wonderful world began to open for Michael and he learned many things, some of them startling for the peasantry of Idvor.

In particular, in this new school Michael heard for the first time about a great American named Benjamin Franklin, who had discovered, by the use of a kite, that lightning was caused by electricity passing between two clouds. At home again the young student undertook to explain this experiment to the wise men of Idvor, gathered together in his father's house. But they were shocked at his heresy. Lightning, so Michael was reminded, was caused by Saint Elijah's car as it was driven across the heavens. Michael's humiliation might have gone further had not his mother intervened to point out that there was not the slightest biblical basis for the legend of Elijah's car, and that this American Franklin may have been right, after all.

Michael's intense patriotism, however, got him into difficulties at this new school. The Serbs, an oppressed people, hated the ruling Hapsburgs of Austria. And the town on the Tamish where Michael went to school was a center for patriotic agitation against Austria. Consequently, after he had participated somewhat too prominently in a nationalist demonstration, it was decided that he should be sent off to school in Prague, a long journey up the Danube to Budapest and thence to Vienna and into Bohemia.

Two adventures, one of small and the other of large importance, befell Michael on his journey to Prague. Upon leaving Idvor his mother prepared a whole roast goose for his journey, and this was carefully tucked away

in one of his gorgeous bags. Half way up the Danube to Budapest, however, he fell in with a group of theological students who made friends with him and, having disarmed his caution, managed to leave the boat, taking with them the roast goose. A suspicion of theological students was born that day in Michael.

At Vienna, however, a more important event took place. He met up with a friendly American couple who took him in charge, bought a first-class railroad ticket for him and, on the journey to Prague, unfolded great tales about the wonders of the land of Benjamin Franklin. This travel friendship with the two Americans started a determination in the mind of Michael. And when, a few months later, he heard from Idvor that his father had died, he decided to sell all of his worldly possessions, save the clothes on his back, and seek his fortune in the New World.

Thus it was that he came, with five cents in his pocket, to America. His lack of financial resources doubtless would have prevented his entrance had he not given evidence that he possessed some things as valuable as money. The examining officials, when they came to Michael, were at first dubious. When they questioned him he replied that he had only five cents and knew no one in the country save Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. His only reason for coming to America, so he told them, was that he might learn. And these answers made an impression on the officials, particularly upon a Civil War veteran who spoke to the young lad in German. "You showed good judgment in the American friends that you selected," he said. And eventually, the rules being somewhat relaxed in his behalf, Michael was allowed to enter.

Michael's first job was to look for one. And his search, finally successful, landed him in Delaware on a farm, where in a good American home he not only worked hard but learned much. There was a daughter in the family who undertook with such success to give the immigrant boy lessons in English that, a few months later, when he returned again to New York to look for a better job he was able to speak the language with considerable fluency. Back in New York, he found a variety of jobs: work on the docks, sign painting, paper hanging, and again farm

work, this time near Princeton, New Jersey—where Michael's first glimpse of this great American institution thrilled him with a new determination.

It was an even more important step, however, when Michael, leaving the Princeton farm, went again to New York and found, this time, a job in the New England Cracker Factory in Cortlandt Street. For at this factory Michael not only found work, he found Jim. Jim was a boiler-room engineer, and between the boy and the man a close friendship developed. Jim discovered that Michael read the Scientific American and spent his evenings in the library at Cooper Union, and this ambition pleased him. Also, Michael carried around in his pocket a handy dictionary and wherever the discussion got into difficult English there were always sessions with the dictionary. That, also, pleased Jim and he did his best to help the young Serb forward. So every day Michael reported to Jim of his visits to Cooper Union and what he had learned there. Jim, uneducated as he was, became a sort of tutor to Michael, and Michael profited by the help. His apprentice citizenship came to an end when he was asked, one day, to deliver an address on the Declaration of Independence at a New York high school. Meanwhile, he had saved every available penny and was ready to begin his studies for Princeton or, as it turned out instead, Columbia College.

Columbia College was a "high-hat" institution. It was the school of Hamilton and of Jay. What chance was there, thought Michael, for a poor immigrant Serb? But he determined to do his utmost in trying. The summer before his entrance examinations he found a job in New Jersey that allowed him to study eight hours of every day. He spent three hours on Greek, three hours on Latin, and two on other studies. Between times he chopped wood to support himself. But at the end of the summer a note from the registrar's office at Columbia informed him that he was accepted and enrolled as a student at that institution—and another of Michael's victories in America was won.

Michael soon found himself, in Columbia, in the midst of college activities. He came on the campus in the midst

of the annual freshman-sophomore cane rush. He did not know the rules of the game, but he joined in with enthusiasm and with more strength than the average undergraduate. The result was a private encounter with the strongest man in the sophomore class. The struggle ended in a draw. Whereupon the sophomore, after apologizing for calling Michael a Turk, declared, "Whatever race you are, you will be a good fellow if you will learn to play the game." And that last word, "learn to play the game," was probably as important a part of the first year's college experience as any classroom work.

There were no doors closed to Michael after that first day on the campus. And when in the next year's cane rush he was the center of the sophomore offense, his popularity increased. He entered into many branches of athletics and yet managed to keep up the scholastic end of his college work. So well, in fact, did he keep up that end that at the conclusion of his college course he was awarded a scholarship which gave him a choice between graduate study in letters or in science.

He chose to study in science. Letters had a strong appeal for him. But, from the first day that he had heard back in the village on the Tamish of Benjamin Franklin and his kite, Michael's interest in scientific experiment had steadily increased. So, following his graduation, he determined to go to England and study there with the greatest physicists of the time. Nine years after he had landed in the United States with five cents, a red fez, and unlimited determination, Michael Pupin sailed down New York harbor, an American citizen, with a Bachelor's degree from Columbia University and a scholarship for study abroad.

One, perhaps the greatest, factor in Michael Pupin's life has been only incidentally mentioned up to now. To the influence of his mother Michael owed his first opportunities in Idvor and her encouragement was constantly a source of strength. Thus, when he returned to Europe, he soon went to visit her in the little Serbian town. With her he walked through the village and greeted the old friends and knelt before the icons of the Greek Church and prayed at the grave of his father. It was his

mother, too, who urged him, somewhat against his own inclinations, to carry on with his work at Cambridge.

"You are not far from the top," she said, "and you cannot stop nor turn back any more than you could when you saw the peak of Titlis in the distance but felt too fatigued to finish your climb. . . . You are dreaming now some of the idle dreams of youth, but when you return to Cambridge, you will wake up again and see that all this was a pleasant dream, only, which you saw in your restful hours in drowsy Idvor. The real things are waiting for you at Cambridge."

He did find the real things at Cambridge. His work in the sciences went forward rapidly and his interest in his chosen field increased. From Cambridge, where he found the great scientist, Faraday, he went on to Berlin to study under the great German, Herman von Helmholtz. Here, finally, he won his Doctor's degree and, at the same time, received an invitation to return to Columbia and become professor in a new department, that of electrical engineering.

When Pupin returned to Columbia to direct this new department, a pioneer department it was, he found that he had been allotted a small brick shack on the campus which the students termed the "cowshed." His equipment consisted of a dynamo, a motor, and an alternator with a few instruments for measuring purposes. There were no funds for more equipment, so Pupin and his assistant set out to raise money by giving a series of lectures, and by the end of the first summer $300 had been added for more apparatus.

But with the amount of teaching he was called upon to do laboratory work was difficult for the young instructor. He received a salary of $2,500. Every forenoon during the week he was obliged to give three to four hours of lectures and during every afternoon to help the students in their laboratory experimentation. There was only one alternative left: to devote his evenings to scientific experiment. Therefore, with the consent of his wife, Pupin rigged up his apparatus and every night carried on alone in the laboratory, perfecting his researches in the field of electricity.

It was about this time that the X-ray was discovered and Professor Pupin turned from his other experiments to work with this new force. There was a great deal of popular interest in his work. He was obliged, in order to escape reporters and those who came desiring treatment, to lock himself in a laboratory so that his work might go forward. But out of his experiments there came the first X-ray photographs. Under his direction this photography was first used successfully in the science of medicine and surgery.

To-day, Professor Michael Pupin, at Columbia University, is reckoned among the great pioneers in electrical experiment. His inventions are known and used around the world. Honors have been heaped upon him by universities and by governments.

In the entire course of his career something of the faith of his mother, learned in the home and in the little village church in Idvor, has remained. The clash between science and religion does not seem to have reached him. When he described some of his new knowledge to his mother she replied, "Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven." And when Michael Pupin asked whether or not she meant the new knowledge which he had been describing, she said: "I include every knowledge which brings me nearer to God; and this new knowledge certainly does. Just think of it, my son; God has been sending his messages from star to star, and according to David, from the stars to man, ever since the creation of Adam, employing the same methods and means which man, imitating the divine method, is beginning to use when he employs electricity to carry his message to a distant friend. Your teachers who gave you that knowledge are as wise as the prophets and as holy as the holiest saints in heaven."

And then, when Michael told her of Faraday's belief that all things in the universe are in perpetual contact with each other, one star living in unison with every other star and every living thing, she replied: "Faraday's science is that part of my religion which is described in the words addressed to God by King David: 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy

presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.'"

For Michael Pupin, as for his mother, religion and science are not conflicting, but supplementary. Both are a revelation of God's will in the world. Both exist to make the reality of God more understandable. Perhaps the greatest of the resources which Michael Pupin brought into the United States, with his five cents, was the faith which he had learned in the Serbian village of Idvor.

GEORGE CARVER

While he was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without, seeking to speak to him. And one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, seeking to speak to thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand towards his disciples, and said, Behold, my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother. (Matt. 12. 46-50.)

And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. (Gen. 1. 27.)

IX

"AN EX-SLAVE, PEANUTS, AND A LABORATORY"

On what do you base the belief that all men are created "free and equal"?

Why is the Negro race regarded by many as inferior to the white race?

Are these reasons valid?

Was the white race always in its present dominant position in the world?

Do you believe it will always remain as powerful as to-day? Why?

What is your responsibility toward the Negro young people in your community?

What attitude do you believe Jesus would take toward them?

If you were a Negro, living in your community, what do you believe your attitude would be toward white people?

What is your church doing for Negroes? Does it have any Negro members?

What is your opinion of George Carver's conviction that his scientific genius is an endowment from God to be used for the welfare of man?

A COMMITTEE of the House of Representatives was considering peanuts. It was important, from a good many points of view, that this committee should know all that was to be known about the history, the present status, and the potentialities of peanuts. Someone, he may have been a secretary or a porter or even a member of the committee, suggested that down in Alabama at Tuskegee Institute, the famous Negro school, was a Negro chemist who was on more intimate terms with peanuts than anyone else in the world.

The committee was skeptical. A Negro chemist did not sound very hopeful. But the desired information was badly needed and no one seemed able to provide it.

"Well, we might as well try this man Carver," said the chairman. "Summon him and we will give him just five minutes to tell us all he knows about peanuts."

A few days later the committee reconvened. George

Carver was waiting to "tell all" he knew in five minutes. He came into the committee room: short, slightly stooped, black of face, his hair a little gray, his whole manner humble, almost apologetic.

"Sit down there," mumbled the chairman.

Carver slid quietly to a seat at one end of a long table and faced the committee.

"They tell us you know something about peanuts," began the chairman.

"A little, perhaps," said Carver.

"Well, we have five or ten minutes here and we wish you would tell the committee whatever you know that you think might be of value."

Carver began to speak, slowly, his eyes wandering up and down the long table. He talked quietly for ten minutes without interruption. He looked at his watch. The chairman motioned him to continue. He talked for an hour. Then there were questions. At the conclusion George Carver's five-minute session with the Congressional committee investigating the peanut had stretched into an entire afternoon, and the committee adjourned with a hearty vote of thanks to this Negro Luther Burbank who, without doubt, knows more about peanuts, not to speak of several other subjects in the field of science, than any other man living.

There is only one sort of argument that can meet effectively the assertion that the Negroes are an inherently inferior people. That is the argument *ad hominem*. There is no answer, academic or otherwise, to the superiority of such men as George Carver. They simply demonstrate that God hath made of one blood all the nations of men, and that the chief fundamental difference between them is in the matter of opportunity and environment.

And the record of George Carver was made, like the record of almost all other successful Negroes, against almost impossible odds. He was born during the last days of the Civil War, the sickly son of slave parents on a Missouri plantation. With the emancipation proclamation and the end of the war, the night riders began to infest the South. They made a raid one night, these so-called men,

on that plantation where George's parents worked and carried him off with his mother.

At a distant town, where slave practices had not ceased, the mother was speedily auctioned off. But the child was not so easily disposed of. He had developed whooping cough and none of the buyers would have him. He was saved, however, by his old master, who came to his rescue in the hope of securing the mother also. A $300 racing horse was given in exchange for the sickly Negro child and George was taken back to his old plantation home.

Here the plantation owner was especially kind to George. And George, in turn, developed some unusual interests. The instinct of a naturalist seemed to have been born in him. As a small boy he was concerned about everything that grew, both plants and animals. He even took his "finds" to bed with him until his guardian was obliged to rule that before coming to the house at night his pockets first must be emptied.

Meanwhile, George came into possession of a speller which he quickly learned by heart. But he was not satisfied until one day he was sent to a Negro school in a near-by town. He had no resources, and found a home with friendly Negroes or spent the night in the fields or a stable. When he had exhausted the possibilities of this school he went on into Kansas and entered high school there. He established a laundry business in this town and soon had more work than he could handle.

When his high-school course was finished young Carver applied for entrance in an Iowa college. His application was accepted and with his few savings he bought a ticket for the college town. When he appeared before the president and it was discovered that he was a Negro his application received a hasty reconsideration and he was rejected. His funds almost gone, George had no alternative but to remain in this town, where he opened a laundry. The following year he hired out as cook in a hotel in another Iowa town.

In this village of Winterset, Iowa, George Carver found friends who gave him encouragement to go forward with his education. So it happened that after another year the

young Negro cook gathered his resources and traveled to Indianola, Iowa, where he registered in Simpson College, where the color line was not drawn around the campus. His registration fees paid, he set out upon his academic career with just ten cents in his pocket.

At Simpson, George entered the classes in art. His ability as a painter had already attracted some attention. So great were his gifts that after three lessons the Simpson instructor told him he was "naturally endowed" and could learn nothing more from the classroom work. From his college days George Carver's recreation has been painting. That his work is not ordinary is indicated by the fact that one of his paintings was sold at the World's Fair in Chicago for $4,000.

But the center of his interest in these undergraduate days was more and more in the field of plant life. After three years at Simpson he determined to enter an agricultural school, so, again depending for support on a laundry, he entered Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. Here, in 1894, George Carver was discovered by Booker T. Washington, who was in the midst of building up Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

The first chapter of George Carver's teaching of science at Tuskegee is a record of obstacles and handicaps. Tuskegee was without adequate funds for the new science department. There was no equipment with which to start work. No one knew where equipment might be secured. But George Carver was there to start a department of science, and he did. He sent his pupils out on a tour of the city. They ransacked the rubbish heaps and ash cans and brought to their teacher bits of broken china, bottles, rubber, wire, almost anything convertible into anything else. With a vast assortment of cast-off odds and ends George Carver began to rig up apparatus and build a department.

His work went forward and, between classes and at night, he began to carry on experiments of his own. Tuskegee is organized on the principle that the best preparation is that which enables people to be of practical service in the communities in which they live. George Carver believed that his job there obligated him to make some

contributions toward a more abundant life for the people of the entire Southland. So well did he carry forward this part-time experimentation and research that he was finally released from classes altogether and told to spend his entire time on his discoveries.

He began his work with the peanut. His painstaking work revealed the miracles that might be wrought with it. Up to the present time he has evolved one hundred and sixty-five distinct products from the peanut. These include a vast variety of foodstuffs—milk of half a dozen kinds, butter, cheese, sherbet, breakfast food, flour, instant coffee, Worcester sauce, vinegar, pickles, salad oils, confections, soft drinks, soap, face powder, complexion cream, shampoo, dandruff cure, axle grease, stock food, stains, dyes, inks, and a long list of others.

But Professor Carver has not confined his experiments to the peanut. He began on the sweet potato, and has developed more than one hundred products from the sweet potato: sweet-potato flour, tapioca, breakfast food, molasses, sweet-potato coffee, chocolate, crystallized ginger, after-dinner mints, and seventy varieties of dyes for silk and cotton.

Then he set about the task of making rubber from sweet potatoes, and succeeded—rubber that, to all appearances, is as good as that which comes from the rubber tree. This discovery brought great fame to the Tuskegee Burbank and an offer came from Thomas A. Edison to leave the South and join the Edison laboratories for a period of five years, at a greatly increased salary. George Carver considered the offer for some time and then sent back word that "my life has been dedicated to the South and my job here is not yet finished."

During the Great War when the popular cry was to save wheat, George Carver invented sweet-potato bread. The formula was sent on to Washington. The "experts" in the Food Administration refused to believe that he had made this bread from sweet potatoes. So they sent for Carver. He brought in the ingredients and gave a demonstration for the officials, whereupon they accepted his formula and widely advertised the bread as a means of food conservation.

With the pecan, dandelions, shrubs, trees, onion skins, wood ashes, and a great variety of grasses he is continuing to experiment and to increase his discoveries. He has made potash from chinaberry ashes, paper from okra fiber, rope from cottonstalk fiber, artificial silk from poplar bark—altogether more than three hundred products from hitherto despised materials. Just now he is in the midst of researches with the famous red clay of Alabama. Believing that his work should begin at home, he has taken this common soil and from it has made some three hundred different kinds of pigments, paints, and stains. From clays he has developed paints whose luminous quality and soft colors are not equaled by oils. One of these is an Egyptian blue, long lost to art. He believes that in his discoveries in paints he has the secret of the lasting colors of the potteries of Egypt. The value of these discoveries for Alabama and the South is incalculable. It is indicative of the commercial importance of this line of experiment that one of the biggest paint companies in America has had its chemists working with Professor Carver in order that they may utilize his discoveries.

Through all of this work Professor Carver has been completely oblivious to the idea of making profit from his discoveries. Promotors, with an eye to the cash, have approached him to commercialize his work. But he has steadfastly refused. Only recently has a company been organized to handle the products that he evolves and the purpose of this organization is to protect his discoveries for the public good rather than to exploit them for private gain.

Underneath all of this work—and this probably accounts for his unwillingness to make a commercial undertaking of his researches—is Professor Carver's conviction that "nothing God has made is without some value." He came to Alabama believing that he could be of some service in discovering God's will for that section of the country. He tramped across the land and saw mile after mile of unprofitable farm-land and there came to his mind the words: "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." He felt a definite "call" to build up his laboratories and carry on his work because of his own

faith in God and in God's power to use him to utilize some of the world for the happiness of mankind.

Up and down through the South Professor Carver goes with his interpretations. He has had special cars of exhibits, with which he has demonstrated to vast audiences the possibilities of these discoveries.

In *Land of All Nations* the story is told by Margaret Seebach that Carver was asked to speak at one time in a school in Mississippi and that before his address a white man came to the principal and said:

"I want to know the truth about this man Carver. Is he all Negro or partly white? You know most of these successful Negroes turn out to have a good deal of white blood. It is easy, therefore, to account for their success. How about Carver?"

"Carver," said the principal, "is a real black man. Come and see for yourself."

So the white man heard Carver speak and spoke again to the principal:

"I can't explain Carver. Is he educated or just a freak?"

When Professor Carver was told of this incident he said: "It isn't strange that the white folks feel that way about us. But I would like to make it plain that what I am doing is not merely a result of education. I am not merely educated; I am actually led in this work. The hand and influence of God is in it all."

A few years ago at Tuskegee a little group of students came one day to Professor Carver with the demand, "We have organized a Bible Class with you as the teacher."

"But I'm not fitted to teach a Bible class," said Professor Carver.

"We think you can, and we need you," said the students.

So the class was started. It has grown until now every Sunday some two hundred of these students come to hear Professor Carver teach the lessons of religion from his two great books, the Bible and the book of nature. Between the two, he declares, there is the closest agreement and both are a revelation of God. The church, to him, is next door to the laboratory, and both are doing work on behalf of the Divine Creator of the world.

Now a Fellow in the Royal Society of England, this

former slave boy has kept his faith in God and in the people among whom he was born. It is a ministry of chemistry that he entered upon and through it Professor Carver has provided another demonstration of the common humanity and the common Divinity which all peoples share.

HERBERT HOOVER

And he took a little child, and set him in the midst of them; and taking him in his arms, he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such little children in my name, receiveth me: and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me. (Mark 9. 36, 37.)

And when even was come, the disciples came to him, saying, The place is desert, and the time is already past; send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves food. But Jesus said unto them, They have no need to go away; give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, We have here but five loaves, and two fishes. And he said, Bring them hither to me. And he commanded the multitudes to sit down on the grass; and he took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake and gave the loaves to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitudes. And they ate, and were filled; and they took up that which remained over of the broken pieces, twelve baskets full. And they that did eat were about five thousand men, besides women and children. (Matt. 14. 15-21.)

X

GOLD MINES, WAR, AND LITTLE CHILDREN

Why was it considered worth while to save the children of Germany, with whom the world had been so recently at war?

In time of war, where can an individual serve whose conscience will not permit him to fight?

What hope exists that the present younger generation of Europe and America will be more opposed to war and more firm for peace than previous generations?

How can the Christian churches commandeer more of the organizing genius of men of affairs in behalf of a more Christian social order?

Does it require a crisis in human suffering and need to call into action the humanitarian motives of great men?

What elements enter into an explanation of the great services of Herbert Hoover in behalf of the starving multitudes of war-stricken Europe?

A distinguished visitor was coming to Warsaw, a man who belonged to the seventy thousand children of Poland's ancient capital. The dignitaries of the nation made elaborate preparations to meet him; the streets were draped with flags, the flags of the United States and Poland together; but more important than generals and ministers and presidents were the seventy thousand children who merrily waited to greet the visitor.

For the name of this man, in the language of the Poles, was synonymous with "saviour." When the horror of the war ended and a new Poland had been founded, a horror greater even than war faced the people. There was no bread and no money with which to buy. Disease and suffering and undernourishment were the lot of the children. And then this man sent a commission to study the situation. The commission reported, among other things, that there were "very few children playing in the streets of Warsaw." That caught the eye of this American. The answer to his question was easy:

"The children of Warsaw are too weak to play; they do not run; many of them are too weak to walk."

That sentence about the children of Warsaw brought instant action from this American and food began to pour into Poland. The children were fed. Their strength returned. And now, when Herbert Hoover came to visit the city, seventy thousand of them lined up to parade past his reviewing stand to show him that they could walk. They came direct from their midday meal, served in the schools and canteens, and carried their tin cups and pannikans and the paper napkins with the American flag stamped in the corner.

All afternoon until dark these files of children marched. And one observer declares that they went on and on in excellent order until suddenly a much-surprised rabbit jumped from the grass and forthwith five thousand shouting boys and girls dashed off in pursuit. They caught the rabbit and brought it as a trophy to their great guest. And the guest when he watched them running and looked down into their upturned, laughing faces could not restrain his tears. He stood before them—they probably thought it very strange—and cried.

But this humanness of Herbert Hoover is an inescapable characteristic of the man. I suppose, if it must be accounted for, one can find some reason for that in his Quaker ancestry. The world has come to recognize Quakers, not for their beliefs nor for elaborate ecclesiastical organization, but, rather, for the simple fact that, without thought of reward, they go up and down in the earth doing good. Human helpfulness and a firm faith in freedom—these seem to be chiefly typical of the Quakers. They were typical, certainly, of the ancestry of Herbert Hoover. Four centuries before the Allied Powers turned over to him the responsibility of feeding the postwar world, the persecution of the Protestants drove a man named Huber from Paris to refuge in Holland. Two hundred years later, this same faith in Freedom brought the descendants of this man, Christian, Jonas, and Andrew Hoover—into the New World. And later the pioneering instinct that seems always to be associated with those who stand for great ideals drove them into the West. On the Iowa farm, where he was born, Herbert Hoover's father and mother had died before he was ten years old. He

went soon after to live with his uncle, John Minthorn, in Newberg, Oregon.

When he had almost completed the village school, young Hoover one day declared his purpose to go away to college. There was a Quaker school in Newberg which had been good enough for many of the other children of the community and which, so his grandfather asserted, should be good enough for him. But Herbert had concluded that the courses in this institution could not fit him for the work he had chosen to do. So, unable to come to an agreement, he left the town of Newberg and went to Portland because, as he put it, "I want to earn my own living and go to a university where I can learn science."

In Portland, Hoover found work as sort of roustabout in a real estate office. But the wages he received were not sufficient to allow him to prepare for college. Consequently, for purposes of study, he fitted up an unused room with a bed, table, and lamp, and there, off duty, he read and worked toward that course in science which still appeared to be on a far-off horizon.

But the opportunity came and Herbert Hoover entered Stanford University with its first, the "pioneer," class of 1891. What he did at college was typical. He got hold of a big idea and organized it. His academic specialty was geology, and he was head over heels enthusiastic about that. His summers were spent with the United States Geological Survey. He graduated, not with the best scholastic record in his class, but with honor. And, more important, he was able to do a great service for Stanford.

Fraternities had come into Stanford with its founding. By the beginning of Hoover's senior year they were in command of the campus situation. And they ran things, not primarily for the good of Stanford, but for the glory of the fraternities. Hoover was a nonfraternity man and with a few fellow "barbs" he led a revolt for the political clean-up of the campus. He let lectures and laboratory work slide. This was a job for Stanford. And when the campaign dust had settled, the students had adopted a new constitution for the regulation of their affairs and Herbert Hoover was student treasurer, a task that involved putting

through to success the reforms that had just been voted. When his senior year as treasurer ended he had flunked German and was badly threatened in English, but he had given Stanford an ideal for student government and successfully established the principle that, on the campus, the interest of the school is more important and comes before the interest of any particular group.

Young Hoover went from college to a mine in the high Sierras, and there for three months at two dollars and a half a day he pushed ore cars. But three months at such a job were enough, and at the end of that time he packed his clothes, went to San Francisco, walked into the mining offices of Louis Janin, landed a job with a future, and within a few weeks, at twenty-two, he was en route to New Mexico with an important commission. And when, at the end of the summer, he returned to San Francisco, his undertaking in New Mexico well completed, Louis Janin told him of a London mining firm that wanted a "man thirty years old with seventy-five years' experience" to go to Australia. Would young Hoover take the job? Would he!

So Janin wrote his recommendations to London. Cablegrams followed. Within a few weeks the deal was closed and Herbert Hoover, then twenty-three years old, pulled out of San Francisco en route across the continent and via London, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, Port Said, and Colombo for Australia.

Before leaving, however, he turned over his personal affairs to his friend Lester Hinsdale.

"I am getting a pretty good salary with this London firm," he said to Hinsdale. "That money will be deposited in a San Francisco bank. I want you to handle it for me."

"Agreed," said Hinsdale.

"Further," Hoover went on, "I want to use that money for Stanford students who need help. I have already promised to send three people through college"—this at twenty-three—"and with this salary I can help a good many others. You can arrange to make loans and small gifts to them as you think wise. It's the ambitious ones who are working their own way that I want to help."

So it was arranged that Hoover, laboring on the other

side of the world, set his income to work on behalf of those who needed help.

In Australia Hoover took an impossible job and succeeded with it. Within a year he was widely known in mining circles. And in two years he had put through so successfully the mining operations that he had undertaken that when the London firm for which he worked was appealed to by the Chinese government to furnish a director-general of mines for the Chinese Empire, an immediate cable called Hoover to that undertaking. Within a week he had cleaned up his Australian work and was en route to London, California, and China.

The most important of the affairs that concerned him on this journey was not a matter of business. It related to a Stanford under-graduate who had entered the geology department when Hoover was a senior. When the cable from London told him, out there in the blistering heat of an Australian mining camp, of the China offer, Hoover's cable to London, accepting the job, was followed by a cable to California. And the same night brought a reply from California. So it was particularly important that this stop be made in Monterey. And the trip to China was a honeymoon.

In China it was a complex job that met the young engineer. He was enmeshed in endless skeins of Oriental red-tape which he proceeded, with as much dignity as possible, to cut. And then, his work well under way, the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 hit Tientsin, where the Hoovers were living. Hoover could have easily escaped when the trouble came, but he refused to desert his Chinese helpers, and, within a few days, it was his engineering skill and genius for organization that brought order among the foreigners and Christian Chinese. Defenses were thrown up which were successfully held until the Allied troops marched to the relief of the city.

To continue the chronicle of Herbert Hoover's activities after this period in China is to follow him about from one successful mining enterprise to another.

Following the outbreak in China the firm which had sent him to Australia and in which he was now a joint partner failed. One of the partners had looted the concern and

fled. The event caused a sensation in England and throughout the financial world. Hoover, at the time, was the only member of the firm in London. He faced the wreck as he had faced other problems. Without consulting anyone he announced that, to every shareholder, the firm would make good. And, at twenty-eight years of age, Herbert Hoover set out to keep that pledge. The choice that had confronted him was between financial and moral ruin and, without hesitation, he chose financial ruin.

The debts of the company were piled sky-high. His own bank account went glimmering. Lou Henry, the geological student at Stanford who was now his wife, went cheerfully ahead to make her own hats and remodel her own dresses. There were rumors against his integrity. Stories were circulated that he had made and secreted a fortune while in China. But for four years he plodded on. His work took him back to Australia, across America, through Burma, and in China again. Gradually the firm got on its feet. For four years after the company was again on its feet Hoover stayed on. And then, in London, he organized his own company. There, at the outbreak of the war, he directed a great concern employing one hundred and twenty-five thousand men and with offices in San Francisco, New York, London, Petrograd, and Rangoon.

But the needs of the war demanded Herbert Hoover's services or, more particularly, the needs of humanity which the war created. He had engaged passage to America for a sailing the middle of August, 1914. The storm that suddenly broke held him in England. There were seventy thousand Americans, when the conflict upset the world, desiring to get back to the United States. Steamships had been commandeered; banking arrangements went awry. There was chaos. But the American ambassador in London called on Herbert Hoover, and with the quick precision of a man who had been long accustomed to make prompt decisions and act upon them, he took charge of the situation and, as the most insignificant of his war services, got those seventy thousand Americans back to the United States.

This situation was scarcely well in hand when the needs of starving Belgian children claimed the attention of the world and Herbert Hoover was called upon as the one man

who could adequately represent humanitarianism in the midst of so much pagan strife. Men and women and children were starving in Belgium; there was no doubt about that. The energies of most of the world were being consumed along the western front in France. But some way or other food had to be carried to those helpless people, most of them living in territory occupied by the Germans. Hoover convinced the Allies of this necessity. He went to Berlin and convinced the Germans. Both jobs were hard enough. And then he set about it to get the food. First, mostly in America, a nation-wide campaign raised the necessary funds. And, despite the clamor of the combatant nations for more grain, Hoover sent out to the Argentine and to the American Central West and started a steady stream of foodstuffs flowing into Belgium that saved the children of that gallant nation from annihilation. It was a job for a giant and no less than a giant saw it through.

And then, in April, 1917, the United States entered the war. In May Woodrow Wilson summoned Herbert Hoover to come to Washington as head of the American Food Administration. Food, so said the military experts, would win the war. It was Hoover's job to supply that food. In countless ways—Hooverizing at breakfast, front-yard gardens, wheatless bread—the American people responded to Hoover's call and the food was poured into the holds of Europe-bound steamers to support the allied cause.

In January, 1918, the situation was dark. The Germans were driving forward successfully. The submarine warfare was sinking Hoover's food. One day, Lord Rhondda, the English food controller, cabled Hoover: "Unless you are able to send the Allies at least 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January first, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I cannot take responsibility for assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war."

Hoover took up a notch in his belt. The Food Administration was already doing its utmost. Could it furnish that impossible amount more? Hoover put the proposition to the American people. Instead of sending 75,000,000 additional bushels he exported 85,000,000 bushels!

In the fall of that year the Armistice was signed and new problems, those of relief, immediately appeared. Hoover was asked to form the American Relief Administration. Millions of women and little children from one end of Europe to the other had become the wards of the Allies. This human salvage was Hoover's responsibility. Early in 1919 the American Congress appropriated $100,000,000 for relief, a sum that was greatly supplemented by private gifts. Hoover, as one writer put it, "Became general economic and life-saving manager for the eastern European countries."

Perhaps no man of this twentieth century has revealed greater genius for organization than Herbert Hoover. But what is more significant is the further fact that no other man of this twentieth century has more completely placed his genius at the service of humanity in hours of need. Small wonder that the seventy thousand children of Warsaw honored him as their guest.

YOITSU HONDA

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not; and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of Jehovah, thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee. (Isa. 55. 4, 5.)

Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou hast given me, that they may be one, even as we *are*. (John 17. 11.)

XI

"TO PREACH OR TO GOVERN"?

How do you judge whether or not an individual is a Christian?

Do you believe that we are justified in seeking to make people of other faiths Christian? Why or why not?

What elements of superiority in Christianity over other religions can you point out?

How much should we be concerned in making people Methodists?

What are the arguments in favor of one world-wide Protestant Church?

What is your judgment regarding Bishop Honda's belief that the Christian churches should develop in the direction of unity until we shall have one common Christian fellowship?

Do you believe that Oriental peoples can add elements of strength to Christianity which Occidental peoples have not been able to supply? Why or why not?

What do you believe to be the relation between the progress of Christianity and the progress of democracy, that is, popular self-government?

Two young men, evidently foreigners, were walking along the railroad tracks near a town in eastern Pennsylvania. They were engaged in intent conversation, too intent, in fact, to make a right-of-way a safe promenade for them. Approaching the city they came to a long railroad bridge and started across it single file. One had reached safety, when suddenly a locomotive whistle warned the other, some yards out on the bridge, of the near approach of a train. There was no time for a second thought. With one leap he cleared the tracks, clutched at a railroad tie, and swung himself beneath the bridge as the train roared by above him.

That jump to safety, which saved the life of Yoitsu Honda, also determined the course that his life would follow.

"The problem has been settled for me," he told his friends. "I have been wavering between politics and the ministry. Now there is no alternative. The way is clear,

it became clear that day on the railroad bridge over the Susquehanna. I am going into the ministry."

That was not an easy decision for Yoitsu Honda. The career marked out for him by generations of family precedent was to have been of a vastly different sort. As a Japanese, Yoitsu Honda was of the Samurai class. His family belong to the governing autocracy. And it was his responsibility to carry on with its great tradition. He could recall, in his own boyhood, the old feudalism that modern progress stamped out in Japan. His own grandfather was at one time adviser to the young lord who was to succeed to authority over the Northern Clan. The road for young Yoitsu Honda was open to political preferment and power.

As the first step in his preparation for high position, he was sent off, at ten years of age, to a boarding school where the sons of the aristocracy, the Samurai, were educated. School, in those days in Japan, was much different from to-day and greatly different from the schools of America. The three r's did not have the place that they have here and there were no classes in geography, history, nor grammar as we understand them.

But there was hard work, nevertheless, and plenty of it. The mornings were devoted to individual sessions with a dignified old Samurai in long, rich robes. To this teacher each pupil read paragraphs from the ancient Chinese classics: the writings of Confucius and Mencius. The remainder of the time was devoted to painting with a tiny brush such as artists use the difficult Chinese characters, the basis of the written language. There was then no alphabet as there is to-day. Every character represented a picture-meaning. It was necessary, in order to learn how to read and write, not to know just a certain number of letters, but hundreds of these characters. For scholarship it was necessary that they should learn many thousands of these characters.

Classes in arithmetic were largely ignored. Children of the aristocracy were believed to require but little knowledge of figures. Such subjects were left to the "common people," who would find use for them in "meaner" occupations of business life. A son of the Samurai

despised money and particularly despised all the ways and means designed for acquiring it. For such a one there were lessons in fencing, jiu jitsu, spear practice, and horsemanship, those knightly pursuits that were characteristic of the aristocracy of European mediævalism.

But many things were destined to happen in Japan during the lifetime of Yoitsu Honda to change the old customs and traditions. First of these strange developments was the arrival of Admiral Perry with his American ships. After the doors of the Island Kingdom were first pried open by these foreigners, the new tide set in rapidly. In the wake of the vessels came merchants and diplomats and, most important of all, the Christian missionaries.

There had been other Christian missionaries in Japan before the days of Admiral Perry. Heroic Roman Catholics had come out generations before, had braved the dangers and hardships of the land to preach the message of Jesus. Their work met with remarkable success. So rapidly, in fact, did they gain converts for the new religion that persecutions arose. Christians were attacked. Many of them died for their faith. And the new, the "evil sect," was stamped out two hundred and fifty years before Admiral Perry's fleet ushered in a new day and opened the way for other preachers of the same religion.

Other developments than those represented by the missionaries came with the opening of Japan. The rule of the Samurai, the military group, passed while Honda was a young man. The power of government, which had been vested in the members of this class, had been restored to the Emperor who, for a long period, had lived in seclusion and with only nominal authority in Kyoto. When this struggle between the power of the Emperor and that of the Samurai was at its height Honda was twenty years of age. The members of the clan to which he belonged had been pledged by their leader to support the military leaders against the Emperor. Then representatives of the clan who were at the Emperor's court in Kyoto decided that their people should support the Emperor and so the pledge to the neighboring clan was not kept.

To the young Samurai, Yoitsu Honda, such a breach of faith was inconceivable. The honor of his family and

his clan was at stake. There was little that he could do, but he determined to make whatever amends were possible. So he left his home and traveled to the neighboring clan. There he made his apologies and offered to receive on his own body whatever punishment they determined to mete out. His action was widely acclaimed by friend and foe and he was sent back, without punishment, to receive a position of high responsibility among his own people.

Other than these political developments, however, affected the life of this young Samurai. With the coming of the white men and the Christian missionaries, interest rapidly developed in a study of the English language. The foreigners, evidently, had come to Japan to stay. They were setting up shop and introducing their strange customs and devices. A great desire arose in the hearts of ambitious young Japanese to bring their nation abreast of the modern world, to introduce new methods and new inventions.

Among those who believed that Japan had much to learn from the Westerners was Yoitsu Honda. With several of his friends he came down from his home in the north to Yokohama to study English. The only classes in the city were conducted by missionaries and so, with these Christian teachers, he began his first lessons. For several months the instruction went forward. There was very little talk of religious things, and the missionary teacher, a wise man, did not press the matter with which he himself was most vitally concerned.

Then one day the missionary offered to the young Samurai to introduce them to the most beautiful book in the English language. He invited them to come to his home on Sunday morning that they might read it together. The young Japanese came, and one of the first Bible classes in modern Japan was organized with these young Samurai and the missionary teacher in Yokohama.

This book made a deep impression on young Honda as it did upon all of the other pupils.

"There were two things that greatly impressed me on those Sunday mornings when we read the Bible together," he declares. "I had often wondered about the origin of the world and especially of man. I was uncertain that back of all the life that we see there was an Intelligence.

But the Genesis story gave me an entirely new light on the subject. For the first time I was introduced to the personal, Creator-God of the Christians. That was the first revelation which the Bible brought to me.

"Then when we began to study the New Testament, I was immediately met with the Man of whom the Gospels give account. The record of the person and teachings of Jesus appealed to me as nothing else that I had ever read. Some way or other these two things, the Creator-God of Genesis and the Jesus of the Gospels, transformed my entire life outlook."

So completely, in fact, did the work of this Bible class transform the point of view of the young Japanese who attended that by the end of the year all of them who had come down to study English in Yokohama had been baptized as Christians.

Young Mr. Honda returned, finally, to the north and found that the change of authority had greatly affected the fortunes of his own family. The clan of which he was a member had fallen upon hard times. His own family was living in poverty in a secluded village. In the midst of these discouragements Yoitsu Honda called upon the faith that he had so recently professed and began the task which he had laid out for himself of serving Japan to the best of his ability as a patriot and a Christian.

The first part of his determination was easy enough. Japan had need of patriots for her upbuilding, and it was plain that Yoitsu Honda, whose position was high in the territory where he lived, could speedily win a place for himself, perhaps in the government in Tokyo. But to serve Japan as a Christian was not so easy. There was still a vast amount of hostility toward the Christians. There were persecutions of those who had professed the faith. Along many Japanese roads and in the cities one still could see the signs forbidding a Japanese, on pain of death, to profess Christianity. It was a real problem, therefore, that the young Christian Samurai faced.

But Honda, upon his arrival in the north, immediately determined to organize a school. He went straight to the *daimyo* who controlled the territory and asked and secured his patronage. The school was started with a good enroll-

ment from many of the most influential families of the district. From the very beginning Christian services were held. But they did not continue long. Objections arose to this policy. There were threats against the school and against Mr. Honda. So, instead of holding services in the school, they were henceforth held in a private home.

It was about this time that Mr. Honda joined the Methodist Church and helped to organize the first church outside of a port city, in Hirosaki. Although he was soon elected a local preacher, Mr. Honda, apparently, had no intention of entering the ministry. His career, as he had mapped it out for himself, was in politics. In his own prefecture he was already looked upon as one of the leading men. He was elected to the Aomori Prefectural Council and served for four years as its chairman. Looking ahead, it seemed only a short time before his election to Parliament in Tokyo.

Then came the trip to the United States and the experience on the railroad bridge in eastern Pennsylvania. The friend with whom he walked that day was another Japanese, Baron Iwamura. Their conversation concerned recent developments in Japan. Cables had just brought the news of the promulgation of a Constitution. After twenty years of struggle this document had been accepted, and its provisions concerned Yoitsu Honda. The Constitution decreed that no man professionally interested in religion could serve in the House of Representatives. Honda was professionally interested in religion. The question he faced was whether he would sacrifice his active religious concerns or sacrifice the political career for which he had been so painstakingly preparing himself.

His decision was reached that day in Pennsylvania. In the fall, although he was then forty years of age, Honda entered Drew Theological Seminary. He studied there for one year. He had come to the United States to study our national institutions in order that he might help to introduce many of those institutions to Japan. He stayed in the United States to prepare himself for the Christian ministry and returned to accept the presidency of the Methodist Boys' School at Aoyama, Tokyo. Seventeen years later he was taken from this post and elected by

the United Methodist Church in Japan as its first bishop, the first member of the Christian Church in Asia to serve in that office.

The qualities of statesmanship which would have brought success to Yoitsu Honda had he remained in politics, were called upon in the service of religion. His leadership made him a part, not only of the Christian community in Japan, but of world-wide Christendom. He was called frequently to attend, as official Japanese representative, many world gatherings of the Y. M. C. A., the World's Student Christian Federation, and the World's Sunday School Convention. And in his own church the same ability was used for the unifying of Methodism in Japan. The Canadian Methodists, the Southern Methodists, and the Northern Methodists, although they were working together in closest cooperation, maintained separate organizations in Japan. Yoitsu Honda was one of those who believed that Christian unity was one major method for demonstrating the reality of the Christian faith. So he worked ceaselessly to bring about the consolidation of these churches. There was a great amount of opposition. Many of the older missionaries believed "that the time was not ripe"—a common belief when any reform is proposed; others felt that the sacrifices of each organization were too great to offset the compensations of union. But Yoitsu Honda, and those who believed with him, kept steadily at the task, and finally, in May, 1907, a definite union was brought about, the Methodist Church of Japan was organized, and Honda was made its first bishop.

The character of the people of Japan has won for them the respect and love of many Occidentals. More than one Christian missionary has testified that among the influences that have operated to modify his creed and to inspire his life not least have been the beautiful lives and noble characters of Japanese officials, scholars, and common people. We of the West, without depreciating in the least the contribution to be made to the character and life of the Oriental by the religion of Jesus, can learn from them much that will add to beauty and the culture of our Western civilization and to the grace and happiness of our social contacts. In many of those qualities that constitute the strength

and charm of Japanese character Yoitsu Honda was an outstanding man among men. Of the sincerity and depth of his Christian faith none who knew him intimately could doubt.

Bishop Honda died in 1912. He left a record of Christian statesmanship that gave to the church in Japan, and throughout the East, a status that without his sacrificial leading it could not so easily have won.

RUPERT BROOKE

Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others?* do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect. (Matt. 5. 38-48.)

XII

"HE LOVED BEAUTY AND DIED FOR AN IDEAL"

Does the fact that certain past wars may have been justifiable lead to the conclusion that future wars are justified?

Do you believe that Christian people, in times past, may have held slaves and remained Christians? Would they be justified to-day? Why?

What relation do you find between a Christian attitude toward war and verses 38 to 48 of the fifth chapter of Matthew?

What are some of the ideals which we, as Americans, hold in common with the other civilized peoples of the world?

On what basis would you determine your line of action, as a Christian, in the event of another war?

Do you believe that good will come from the last war, in equal measure to the evil and the loss that the war involved? State evidence.

To what extent has the sacrifice of Rupert Brooke and that of many others of earth's noblest sons awakened the nations to the horror and useless waste of war?

It is a tribute to the age in which we live that a war among civilized peoples is impossible unless the fighting of it is placed upon a high level of idealism. A good many things have been discovered about the World War which have altered the conclusions we shared while the conflict was on. Most striking of these discoveries, however, is the fact that the most high-minded of the youth who fought the war, regardless of the armies in which they were engaged, all believed that they were fighting for the same high ends.

In 1914 two million young Germans volunteered for service in the German army. They went out, not under coercion because they were not subject yet to the call to arms, but believing that the war was a struggle for self-defense, for the preservation of their own homes and the safety of their own loved ones. At precisely the same time, across the British Channel, Oxford and Cambridge men were going out with the love of Merrie England in their

hearts to die in Belgium and northern France for the things that they held most dear.

It is worth while to know this common idealism of the world's potential soldiers. If another war comes it is safe enough to say that, regardless of the economic and political causes that bring it to pass, when it finally comes our soldiers will be sent out to establish the kingdom of God on earth. And, with little question, across the enemy lines in enemy country young men will be told precisely the same things and sent to slaughter and to be slaughtered by those with whom they share high ideals.

Another fact which has been slowly emerging from the chaos of the World War is the extent of the debt which the world's governing older generation owes to youth; and the responsibility that rests upon youth to strive beyond their best in order to fill in the gaps which four years of destruction wrought in the ranks of those who should have helped humanity forward during the next fifty years. Young Gladstone, and young Asquith, heirs to leadership with the promise of genuine genuis for statecraft—these and countless others went out and did not return. With them went some seventy thousand Americans. Now, after these years, one can judge whether or not the world's debt to these young crusaders is being paid by inquiring whether or not the politicians of America and the world are daring to carry forward, in the realm of politics, the high ideals of peace for which these young men died on the field of battle.

Rupert Brooke will always be numbered among the foremost of the war's irreparable losses. Something of the best that youth can incarnate was lost when England's soldier-poet died. It was not altogether because of his poetry that the world mourned Rupert Brooke, but because of the joyous idealism that he, in his short life, had come to represent.

Rupert Brooke was born at Rugby, and a more perfect playground for a boy could not be found. In the world of Rugby the young lad saw much more than the old ivy-covered turrets of the school where his father was assistant master. A thousand of those littler beauties that escape all but the poet's eye comprised his memory of those days.

"What a wonderful world it was to be born into, that little England that was mine!" he wrote. "And how it seemed as if the days were not half long enough for one to taste all the joys they brought! How I loved everything —sights and sounds, the feel and breath of living, stirring things! I loved not only rainbows and dewdrops sparkling in cool flowers, but also footprints in the dew and washed stones gay for an hour. Wet roofs beneath the lamplight had their gleam of enchantment and the blue bitter smoke of an autumn fire was like magic incense."

In fact, Rupert Brooke lived through his twenty-eight years enchanted with the glory of the world. He loved that which was obviously beautiful. But more important he found beauty in the intimate, commonplace things:

"These I have loved. . . .
White plates and cups clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, fairy dust;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;
All these have been my loves. . . ."

When he entered Rugby it was plain, even to these prep-school lads, that a new personage had come into their midst. He saw things they didn't see and he helped them to share his vision. He read through new and unexplored books. He played football and played it well, and still had time, between playing and dreaming and writing odds and ends of verse, to carry off school honors and win a fellowship at Cambridge. The head of less a genius would have been speedily turned by the attention which Rupert Brooke received at Rugby from his fellows. It was strange enough to find a first-class athlete writing first-class poetry. It was stranger still to find him, in the midst of his popularity, wholly unselfish and unspoiled.

All the while at Rugby, the dreamer-poet was having something of a struggle with the athlete. Words were a strange magic to him. To weave them together beautifully, to cause great events to live again or to catch up a bit of half-neglected beauty and with his verses hold it dazzling before the sun, this seemed, at times, to him to be the great achievement. But out on the football field, with the rush of life all about him, words seemed so small and useless.

After all, why write life when it can be lived? There were big jobs to be done and he was fitted for their doing.

But the poet that was in him would not suffer defeat. He continued to write his verses. And by the time he had finished Rugby and was ready for Cambridge his decision was clear. He would be a poet. The material affairs of life seemed not to lack for managers. The beauty of life, however, stood in sore need of interpretation.

At Cambridge he was soon recognized as he had been at Rugby. His poetry became more mature and was received not only by his own companions, but some of it widely published through Great Britain. But Rupert Brooke remained less the poet than the man. He did not separate himself from the pleasures of his fellows, but was a leader in them.

Henry James, the American novelist, who met Rupert Brooke in those Cambridge days, wrote of him: "I do not see why he need be a poet. Anyone who can give such all-around satisfaction as a human being should not be encouraged to specialize. Surely one who can *be* so much that makes life more worth while for everyone who knows him, ought not to have to struggle to *do* things."

Rupert Brooke won another fellowship at Cambridge that permitted him to study on the Continent. Back in England again he went seriously about the business of poetry. But he was not satisfied. Some way or other the reality in life for which he was seeking seemed always to slip from his eager grasp. "I can feel the one thing that is worth while," he explains, "and it seems as if I had it in my hand, but when I look there is only a wisp of seaweed, and a shell or two with echoes in their pearly coils of the eternal whisper of the waves."

It was partly the quest of this reality that took Rupert Brooke abroad again, this time to America and the South Pacific. He came, as a youth, to the United States and through the eyes of youth he looked at our customs and the civilization that we are building up. From San Francisco he sailed into the South, to the romance-haunted isles of the south seas. He returned to England again early in 1914 on the eve of the Great War.

He had gone off some place into a remote corner of the

British Isles early in August, 1914. When he got back to civilization again a telegram was handed to him from a friend. "We're at war with Germany," it read. "England has joined France and Russia."

The world of Rupert Brooke seemed to spin round. Old England, that he loved, at war! And calling for her young men, and sending them out by the trainload to that hell in northern France! It was all too fantastic, too unreal! He had known this Germany against which his nation was at war. He called to mind the little taverns in Bavarian Munich, and quiet roads down toward the Tyrol, and peasant farmers and students and little children riding atop huge cartloads of farm-produce.

Though stern demands of the moment upon him put those visions from his mind, one cannot believe that Rupert Brooke went out to fight with hatred in his heart. He was one of those made out of stuff too fine for beastliness. The war was a dirty business. To carry through with it was a job that no young man could shirk. But he did not hate and, doubtless, carried with him into the army and through to the end a faith that, some way or other, a better world would be born out of the sacrifices that he and others like himself were called upon to make.

"If there's any good in anything I've done," he wrote, "it's made by the beauty and goodness of . . . a few I've known. All these people at the front who are fighting muddledly enough for some idea called England, it's some faint shadowing of goodness and loveliness they have in their hearts to die for."

It was early in September, 1914, that Winston Churchill offered Brooke a commission in the Royal Naval Division which was then being formed. With a brilliant young musician, Denis Browne, he joined up with the Anson Battalion of that division. Men were short in those days and the threat to the Channel ports hung like a tragedy over England. Within ten days the battalion had left England for Antwerp to be thrown into the gap in Belgium against the onrushing Germans. They were hurried by train and motor lorries and on foot to the front. There they held the line for a few days and then joined in the general retreat through Antwerp. Within a few weeks

Rupert Brooke was back in England again, helping to train other young men for the front.

All of the time, however, he longed for active duty. His friends, many of them, had gone out and some of them had already died at the front. Inaction was not popular in those days in England, but the young poet found time to write a few verses between the multitude of jobs that fell to the lot of an officer in the first days of the war. Then came the news that his division was to be sent to the Dardanelles. He was thrilled. On February 28 he sailed and with him went Arthur Asquith, son of the former premier, the musician, Denis Browne, and many others.

Instead of going directly to the front, however, Brooke's company arrived, finally, at Port Said. Rupert Brooke's health had not been good in these days, and he had scarcely recovered from a slight sun-stroke when he was ordered to Gallipoli. On April 17 he landed with his troops. On the 20th he was taken suddenly ill and three days later died on a French hospital ship anchored near by. The same evening he was buried, on a little hill grown over with olive trees. Next morning his men and friends sailed for Gallipoli. Within six weeks Denis Browne and several others of his closest friends had fallen in the attack on the Turkish army.

Winston Churchill wrote of Rupert Brooke, when news of his death reached England: "Joyous, fearless, versatile, deeply instructed, with classic symmetry of mind and body, he was all that one would wish England's noblest sons to be in days when no sacrifice but the most precious is acceptable, and the most precious is that which is most freely proffered."

Rupert Brooke more, perhaps, than any other of the war dead, represents the dreadful price that civilization was called upon to pay for its own madness. The life that England's poet gave will be immortal in this world when another generation arises, courageous enough to declare that no problem of dispute between nations which cannot be settled peaceably is important enough to justify the world again entering upon such a cataclysm. And to-day, were he living, one must believe that Rupert Brooke

would be joined with those young Englishmen who came back to give themselves to the great adventure of destroying war, itself.

Loveliest, perhaps, of the verses which he has bequeathed to those who live is this, written after 1914:

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home."

in manhood-

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